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THE OLD, OLD STORY.

BY E. MATHESON.

Have you forgotten the old, old story,
You whispered to me on that golden day
When the sun was flooding the earth with glory
And hedges were fragrant and white with May?

Our path led over the cowslip-meadow,
Where birds sang gaily from every tree,
And the way was flecked with sunshine and shadow;
But only the sunshine fell on me.

Again sunshine is flooding the earth with glory:
The birds are singing on every tree;
But you have forgotten that old, old story,
And only the shadows fall on me.

HEART AND RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"GOOD NIGHT! Good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow that I shall say good-night till it be morrow!"

The speaker was a young girl, who stood in the middle of the room, her hands clasped, her head bent forward, her eyes fixed in a dreamy rapture, and the remark was addressed to—no one.

She paused, sighed a little—not from impatience, but with a wistful dissatisfaction—and absently moved to the window, through which the last rays of the June sun were flickering redly.

She stood there for a moment or two, then began to pace the room with a lithe, undulating grace. It was a pity that she was alone, because such beauty and grace were wasted on the desert air of the rather grim and dingy room. It was a pity that Sir John Everett Millais, or Mr. Edwin Long, or some other of the great portrait painters were not present to transfer her beauty of face and form, for it was a loveliness of no common order.

Many a poet's pen had attempted to describe Doris Marlowe, but it may safely be said that not one had succeeded; and not even a great portrait painter could have depicted the mobility of her clear, oval face, and its dark eyes and sensitive lips—eyes and lips so full of expression that people were sometimes almost convinced that she had spoken before she had uttered a word.

This evening, and at this moment, her face was all alive, as it were, with expression, as she put up her hand to smooth back the thick tresses of dark brown hair—so dark that it was almost black—and, stopping suddenly before a pier glass which stood at the end of the room, repeated the familiar lines:

"Good-night! Good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow that I shall say good-night till it be morrow!"

"Ah, no! No, no, no!" she exclaimed, stamping her foot and drawing her brows together at the reflection in the glass. "That is not it, nor anything like it. I shall never get it! Never! Nev——"

The door opened behind her, and she turned her wistful, dissatisfied, restless face over her shoulder towards the comer. It was an old man, bent almost double, with a thin and haggard face, from which gleamed a pair of dark eyes so brilliant and peering that they made the rest of the face look almost lifeless. He looked at her keenly, as he paused as if for breath, and, still looking at her, went to the table and laid a long roll of paper upon it; then he sank into a chair, and, leaning on his stick said, in a hollow voice,—

"Well?"

"But it isn't well, Jeffrey. It's bad, as bad as could be!" and the mobile lips allowed a quick, impatient laugh to escape, then compressed themselves, as if annoyed at their levity. "I cannot do it! I cannot! I have tried a hundred, a thousand times! And it sounds like—oh, it sounds more like a serpent-maid saying, 'Good-night, good-night, call me at even to-morrow!' than Juliet's immortal adieu!"

"Does it?" said the old man calmly.

"Yes, it does; very much!" she retorted, half laughing again. "Oh, Jeffrey, I can't do it, and that is the simple truth! Tell them I cannot do it, and—and beg me off."

The old man stretched out his hand slowly, and taking the paper from the table, as slowly unfastened it and displayed it at full length.

It was a play-bill, printed in the usual style, in red and blue ink,—

"Theatre Royal, Barton.

"Romeo and Juliet.

"Miss Doris Marlowe as Juliet!"

The girl looked it, a faint color coming into her face; then she raised her eyes to the glittering ones above the placard and snook her head.

"Miss Doris Marlowe will murder Juliet!" she said; "that is what it will be, Jeffrey—simple murder. You must prevent the perpetration of so hideous a crime!"

"Too late!" he said in his hollow voice; "the bills are already out. The play is advertised in the papers; they were booking at the theatre when I left. You must play it. What is the matter?"

"The matter——" she began, then stopped abruptly, as if in despair. "I don't know what is the matter. I only feel as if—oh, as if I were anything but Juliet. Why didn't you let me go on playing little comedy parts, Jeffrey? I could do those, after a fashion,—but Juliet! I ought to be flattered," and she looked at the bill, "but I am very frightened!" and she laughed again.

"Frightened!" he said, his thick white brows coming together. "Why should you be frightened? Have I not told you you could do it, and do I no. know? Am I ever wrong?"

"No, no," she hastened to reply. "You are always right, and it is I who am always wrong. And indeed, Jeffrey, dear, I will try! I will try for your sake!" and she glided across to his chair and laid her hand—a long, white hand, soft and slim as a child's—upon his shoulder with tender docility.

"Try for your own," he said, not unkindly but gravely. "Try for your art's sake, and yet—yes, try for mine! You know how I have set my heart on your success—you know that it is the dream, the aim of my life! Ever since you were a child and sat upon my knee looking up into my face with your great eyes, I have looked forward to the day when the world should acknowledge that Jeffrey Flint could make a great actor though he failed himself!"

The dark eyes glittered still more keenly as he spoke, and the hand that held the play-bill tightened.

"You will succeed if you set your heart on it," he said more calmly. "You have done well up to now: I haven't praised you; that is not my way; but—but—I am satisfied. Up to now you have got on in regular strides—to-morrow night is the great leap! The great chance that seldom comes more than once in a life. Take it, Doris, take it!"

"Yes, Jeffrey," she said softly; but he heard the sigh she tried to stifle and looked up.

"Well?" he said grimly. "You would say——"

She moved away from him and leant against the table, her hands clasped loosely.

"I was going to say that it seems to me as if all the trying in the world would not make me a Shakespeare's Juliet! The lines are beautiful, and I know them—oh, yes, I know them, but—" she paused, then went on dreamily: "Do you think any young girl, anyone so young as I am, could play it properly, Jeffrey?"

"Juliet was fourteen," he said grimly.

Doris smiled.

"That's a mistake, I think, Jeffrey; she was eighteen, most people say! Oh, she was young enough; yes, but—but then you see she had met Romeo."

The old man looked at her attentively, then his keen gaze dropped to the floor.

"Is it necessary for an actor to have actually died before he can perfectly represent a death scene?" he asked.

She laughed and a faint blush rose to her face.

"Perhaps dying isn't so important as falling in love, Jeffrey; but it seems to me that one must have loved—and lost—before one can play Juliet, and I've done neither."

He made no response to this piece of speculation; but after some minutes' silence, he said,

"Do some of it, Doris."

She started slightly, as if he had awakened her from a dream, and recited some of the lines.

The old man watched her, and listened anxiously at first, then with rapt attention, as, losing herself in the parts, she grew more emphatic and spontaneous; but suddenly she stopped.

"It will not do, Jeffrey, will it?" she said quickly. "There—there is no heart in it, is there? Don't tell me it's all right!" she pleaded. "I always like the truth from you—at least!"

"And you get it," he said grimly. "No, it is not all right. You look——" he stopped—"and your voice is musical and thrilling, but—there is something wanting yet. Do not give it up—it will all come right. To-morrow with the lights and the people—there will be a full house, crammed—the feeling you want will come, and I shall be satisfied."

He rose and rolled up the paper.

"I have to go back to the theatre."

"I'll come with you," she said quickly.

"No," he said; "you are better alone. Take your book and go out into the fields. This room is not large enough—" and he passed out.

She understood him and, after a moment or two of reflection, got her hat, murmuring as she ran down the stairs—

"Dear old Jeffrey, I must do it for his sake."

Doris Marlowe, as she passed down the quiet street, was as unlike the popular idea of an actress as it is possible to imagine. It is too generally supposed by the great public that an actress must necessarily be "loud" in word, dress, and voice, that she must be affected on and off the stage, and that her behavior is as objectionable as her manner and attire. If the usual run of actresses are of this fashion, Doris was a singular exception to this rule.

Her voice was soft and low, and as refined in its tones as the daughter of an earl; her manner was as quiet as any well bred lady's could be, and in her plain white dress and straw hat she looked as much like a schoolgirl as anything else especially as she had a copy of Romeo and Juliet in her hand, which might have been mistaken for a French Grammar.

There was in fact nothing "loud" about her; indeed, when off the stage she was rather silent and shy, and the color was apt to come into her pale white cheeks, as into those of the schoolgirl she resembled. It was only from the quiet play of the dark thick brows, and the ever changing expression of the eloquent eyes, that the keenest observer would ever have detected that Doris Marlowe was something different from the ordinary young lady whom one meets—and forgets—every day.

She passed up the street with her book held lightly in her hand, her eyes fixed dreamily on the roseate sky, and watching the din and bustle of the big manufacturing town which climbed up the hill in front of her, turned aside, and making her way up a leafy lane, reached the fields which are as green as if Barton and its score of factory chimneys were a hundred miles away.

There was not only green grass, but clumps of trees and a running brook, and Doris, casting herself, after the fashion of her sex, on the bank by the stream, opened the book and began to study.

But after a few minutes, during which she kept her eyes upon the page with knitted brows, her thoughts began to wander, and letting the book slip to the ground she leant back against the trunk of a tree, and, clasping her hands around her knees, gave herself up to maiden meditation, fancy free.

And it was of herself—of all people in the world!—she was thinking. She was looking back, recalling her past life, and marveling over it with a pleasant little wonder.

And yet there was nothing very marvelous in it after all.

Ever since she could remember she and Jeffrey—"dear old Jeffrey"—had been alone. Ever since she could remember he had seemed to her as bent and white-haired and old as he was now, and she knew no more of him, or how it happened that he had stood to her in place of mother and father, and kith and kin, than she knew now.

Of her real father and her mother, she had always been totally ignorant. As a child she had accepted Jeffrey as a fact, without questioning, and when, in later years, she had put some question about her parents to him, she had equally accepted the answer.

"Ask me nothing, Dora. Your mother was an angel; you father——" then he had stopped and left her; and, from that day to this, Doris had not repeated the question.

They had lived, she remembered, in complete solitude. Of Jeffrey's early life she knew nothing for certain excepting that he had been an actor; that he had been—and was—a gentleman; and that he had received a good education.

She had no other tutor than him, and she could have no better. With a skill and patience which sprang from his love for her, he had taught her as few girls are taught. As a child she would speak and write with wonderful fluency, and at the age most girls are struggling with five-finger exercises, she could play a sonata of Beethoven's with a touch and brilliance which a professional might have envied.

Her strange guardian's patience was untiring. He ransacked the stores of his memory on her behalf, he spent hours explaining the inner meaning of some line from Shakespeare,—in showing her how to render a difficult piece of music.

And when, one day, when her beautiful girlhood was rich with the promise of a still more beautiful womanhood, she had looked up at him laughingly, and said:

"Why do you take all this trouble with me, Jeffrey? What shall I do with all these things you have taught me?" he had startled her by turning to her with flashing eyes, and saying, with grim earnestness:

"I have taken all this trouble as you call

it, for this reason—because I love you, and because I mean you to be a great actress!"

She accepted his dictum without a word, or a thought of questioning it. She knew, then, why he had taught her to love the great poet,—why he had made her, and still made her, recite whole plays of Shakespeare,—why he spent hours in showing her how such and such speech should be delivered. And she was grateful—as grateful as if he had been rich and surrounded her with luxury, instead of being poor and sharing with her the shabby rooms and simple fare which were the best he could afford.

It was a grey and sober life, enlivened only by frequent visits to the theatre. They had lived in France and Germany as well as in England, and he had taken her to see the first players in each country.

"Remember," he would say, when they had returned from seeing some famous actress, "remember how she spoke that line, that is how it should be delivered," or, "Did you notice how Madame So-and-so went off in the second scene? Then don't go and do [illegible]!" and Doris's trained intellect had [illegible] up the hints for future use.

It was a life of hard work, and some girls would have become dull and listless, but Doris was light-hearted; her laugh was always ringing in the dingy lodgings as if they were palaces, and she was happy and content.

Then had come the time of her first appearance on the stage. It is the fashion nowadays for an actor to begin at the top of the ladder—and, alas, how often he works downwards! Jeffrey chose that the beautiful girl whom he had trained so carefully should begin at the bottom.

"Learn to walk the stage, and deliver a simple message: that is difficult enough at first, easy as it seems," he had said; and Doris put on cotton frocks and white caps, and played servant maids for a time. From them she rose to young lady parts—always easy, unpretentious ones, and always in the country theatres.

"When we take London it shall be by storm," he said.

And so she went from one country town to another, and the young actress grew more familiar with her art each month, and the critics began to notice her, and to praise not only her beauty but her talent.

And all this time, Doris, even in the gaiest surroundings of her daily life, remained unsophisticated and natural. Jeffrey watched over her as jealously as a father could have done.

He could not prevent the people admiring her, but he kept the love letters, the neat little cases of jewelry from her, and Doris—Doris Marlowe the actress—was as ignorant and unconscious of the wickedness of the world as the daughter of a country rector.

And as ignorant and innocent of love, save the love she had for the strange grim being who had lavished so much on her.

She had read of love in books, had acted it on the stage, but it was one who speaks a language he does not understand, and who marvels at the effect his words have upon his initiated hearers.

Once a young actor, who had played lovers' parts with her during a season, had managed to speak with her alone—it was during the "wait" between the acts,—and in faltering accents had tried to tell her that he had dared to fall in love with the beautiful being so jealously guarded by the dragon. Doris had listened for a moment or two, with her lovely eyes wide open, with puzzled astonishment, then she said—

"Oh, please, don't go on! I thought it was a part of the play," and a smile flashed over her face.

The young fellow grew black, and as he passed her to go on the stage, muttered "Heartless!"

But Doris was not heartless. She had smiled because her heart lay too deep for him to touch, because, like the Sleeping Beauty, it was waiting for the coming prince who should wake it into life and love, and the young actor was not that prince.

Doris sat thinking of the past, quite lost, until the striking of a church clock recalled her to the fact that a certain young lady was to play Juliet to-morrow, and that the aforesaid young lady had come out into the fields to study it!

She took up the book with a sigh.

"I wish I could see someone play it," she thought; and then there flashed into her mind the memory of one night Jeffrey had taken her to Drury Lane to see a famous actress in the part; but they did not see her after all, for during the first act there had been one of those slight but unmistakeable movements in the audience which announces the entrance of someone of importance.

Doris looked round, with the rest, and saw some person come into a box on the grand tier. Among them was an old gentleman, tall and thin, with a remarkably distinguished presence. He wore a blue ribbon across his waistcoat, but Doris had been attracted more by his face even than the ribbon.

It was a handsome face, but there was something in it, a certain cold and pitiless hauteur, that seemed to strike a chill almost to Doris's heart. As he stood in front of the box, and looked around the house with an expression of contempt that was just too indolent to be sheer hatred, she met the hard, merciless eyes and shuddered.

"Who is he, Jeffrey?" she asked in a whisper, and touching his arm with a hand that trembled a little.

Jeffrey's rapt face had been fixed on the stage, but he turned and looked at the distinguished personage, and Doris remembered now the sudden pallor of his face from which his glittering eyes had flashed like two spots of red fire set in white ashes.

The look vanished in a moment and he made no reply, and a few minutes afterwards had said—

"It is too hot—let us go."

Doris recalled the incident now and wished they had stopped and seen the great actress; especially as Jeffrey had always afterwards avoided Romeo and Juliet, as if the play had some painful association.

"I shall have to draw on Shakespeare alone for inspiration," she thought, looking at the brook. "But, ah! if only someone could teach me to say that 'Good-night, good night' properly."

She was repeating the words in a dozen different tones, and shrugging her shoulders discontentedly over each, when suddenly there came another sound upon her ears beside that of her voice and the brook.

It was a dull thud, thud, on the meadow in front of her, and as it came nearer a voice broke out in a kind of accompaniment, a voice singing not unmusically,—

"The Maids of Merry England, the Merry, Merry Maids of England!"

There was a hedge on the other side of the brook, and Doris raised herself on her elbows and looked over.

What she saw was a young man galloping across the meadow at a break-neck pace, which the horse seemed to enjoy as much as his rider.

Doris had never seen anyone ride like that, and she was too absorbed in the general spectacle to notice that the young man was singularly handsome, and that he made, as he sat lightly in the saddle, with the sunset rays turning the yellow of his moustache and hair to pure gold, a picture which Murillo might have painted and christened "Youth and Health."

She watched for a moment or two, then, thinking herself safe from observation behind her hedge, sank down again, and took up her book.

But the thud, thud, and the "Maids of Merry England" came nearer and nearer.

Then they stopped together, and a voice, speaking this time, said:

"Hallo, old girl!—over with you!"

The next moment Doris saw horse and rider in the air almost above her head, and the next the horse was on its knees, with its nose on the ground, and the rider lay stretched at her feet, as if a hand from the blue sky had hurled him from his seat.

CHAPTER II.

It all had happened so suddenly that Doris sat for a moment staring at the motionless figure. Then the color forsook her face, and she sprang up with a cry, and looked round for help. There was not a moving thing in sight excepting the horse, who had picked himself up and was calmly, not to say contemptuously, grazing a few yards off.

Doris, trembling a little, knelt down and bent over the young man. His eyes were closed, and his face was white, and there was a thin streak of red trickling down his forehead.

A spasm ran through her heart as she looked, for the sudden dread had flashed across her mind that—he was dead.

"Oh! what shall I do?" she cried, and she sprang to her feet, aroused by the impulse to run for assistance; but the white, still face seemed to utter a voiceless appeal to her not to leave him, and she hesitated. No!—she would not leave him.

She whipped out her handkerchief, and, running to the brook, dashed it into the water; then, kneeling down beside him, bathed his forehead, shuddering a little as she saw that the thin streak of red came again as fast as she washed it away.

Presently she fancied that she saw a faint tremor upon the pale lips, and in her eagerness and anxiety she sank down upon the grass and drew his head upon her knee, and with faltering hands unfastened his collar. She did it in pure ignorance, but happened to be exactly the right thing to do, and after a moment or two the young fellow shivered slightly, and to Doris's unspeakable relief, opened his eyes! There was no sense in them for a spell, during which Doris noticed, in the way one notices trivial things in moments of deep anxiety, that they were handsome eyes, of a dark brown; and that the rest of the face was worthy of the eyes; and there flashed through her mind the half-formed thought that it would have been a pity for one so young and so good-looking to have died. Then a faint intelligence came into his upturned gaze, and he looked up into her great pitying eyes with a strange look of bewilderment which gradually grew into a wondering admiration that brought a dash of color to Doris's face.

"Where am I?" he said at last, and the voice that had sung "The Maids of Merry England" sounded strangly thin and feeble; "am I—dead?"

It was a queer question. Did he think that it was an angel bending over him? A faint smile broke over Doris's anxious face, and one sprang up to his to meet it.

"I remember," he said, without taking his eyes from his face; "Poll pitched me over the hedge."

He tried to laugh and raise his head, but the laugh died away with suspicious abruptness and his head sank back.

"I—I beg your pardon!" he said. "I must have come an awful cropper; I—I feel as if I couldn't move!" and he made another effort.

"Oh, no, no," said Doris anxiously; "do not try—yet. Oh, I am afraid you are much hurt! Let me——" she wiped his forehead again. "If there were only someone else to help," she exclaimed in a piteous voice.

"Don't—don't—please don't you trouble about it," he said pleadingly. "I shall be all right directly. It's ridiculous—" he added faintly, but endeavoring to laugh again. "I feel as if I'd got rusty hinges at the back of my neck."

His eyes closed for a moment, for, notwithstanding the laugh and his would-be light tone, he was in pretty considerable pain; then he opened them again and let them rest upon her face.

"You're awfully good to me!" he said slowly. "I feel ashamed—" he stopped, and a deep blush rose through the tan of his face, for he had suddenly realized that his head was in her lap, a fact of which Doris was perfectly unconscious. "Awfully good!" he repeated.

"Oh, don't talk!" she said earnestly. "You—you are not able! Oh! if there was something I could do! Water! I will get you some to drink," and she put his head gently from her and rose.

He smothered a sigh.

"There's—there's a flask in my saddle-pocket, if I could only get at it," he said.

"I'll get it," she said swiftly.

"No, no," he said quickly. "The—the horse I mean might——"

But she was off like the wind, and quite regardless of danger. The horse raised his head and looked at her, and apparently seemed to take in the gravity of the situation, for it stood quite still while she searched the saddle.

"It is not here!" she said in a voice of distress.

"No, by Jove, I recollect! I left it at home!" he faltered. "I'm so sorry! Don't—please—don't trouble!" and he raised himself on his elbow.

She flew from the horse to the brook, then stopped short for a moment as she remembered that she had nothing to hold water. He watched her and understood.

"Never mind," he said.

"But there must be some way!" she cried distressfully.

"If—if you'll bring some in your hands," he suggested, the color coming into his face.

She stooped and made a cup of her two palms, and turned to him carefully, fearful of spilling a drop.

The young fellow hesitated, and first glanced up at her face, unseen by her, then bent his head.

When he raised it there was a strange look in his eyes, and he drew a long breath: Doris dropped her hands with a sudden swiftness.

Reverently, gratefully as his lips had touched her hands, their touch had sent a strange thrill through her.

"I—I am afraid you did not get much," she said, and her voice faltered, though she strove to keep it firm and steady.

"Yes, yes!" he said. "Thank you very much. I am better—all right now!" and to prove it he sat up and looked round him.

But his eyes turned to her face almost instantly as if loth to leave it.

"I never was so sorry in all my life;" he said. "To think that I should have given you all this trouble! And—and frightened you, too!" he added, for she had sank down upon the bank and was trembling a little as she wiped her hands.

"No, no, I am not frightened," she said. "But it—it was so sudden."

He looked round and bit his lip.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed remorsefully, "I—I might have fallen on to you!"

A faint smile played upon her lips for an instant.

"You nearly did so as it was," she said.

He drew a long breath, and his eyes sought her face penitently.

"It was abominably careless in me," he said in a low voice. "But I had no idea that there was anyone here; I didn't think of looking over the hedge."

"It is a very high one," she said and her lips quivered with a little shudder, as she recalled the moment in which she saw him fall.

He glanced at it carelessly.

"Polly would have done it if it hadn't been for the brook! I'd forgotten that there might be a drop this side, and——" He stopped short, his eyes fixed upon her dress, upon which were two or three red spots staining its whiteness. He put his hand to his head. "Your dress!" he said. "Look there! I've spoiled it!"

She looked down at the stains—they were still wet—and felt for her handkerchief. It was lying on the grass.

"Will you let me?" he said pleadingly, and he took out his own handkerchief and tried to wipe out the spots.

"Never mind," she said. "It does not matter."

"And your hat and book!" He picked them up and glanced at the latter. "Romeo and Juliet! You were reading! What a nuisance I have made of myself. I shall never forgive myself nor forget your kindness! If you hadn't been here——" he stopped.

She seemed to be scarcely listening to him.

He sat down, almost at her feet, and fastened his collar, his eyes resting on her face. He had seen many beautiful women, this young man, but he thought, as he looked at her, that he had never seen anyone so perfectly lovely.

With a vague feeling of wonder he noticed that her hair was dark, almost black, and yet her eyes were blue. They were hidden now between the long, dark lashes, and yet he knew they were blue, for he remembered noticing it in the first moments of wandering consciousness.

Was it this strange contrast, the blue eyes and black hair, that made her so lovely? Or was it the shape of the thin, delicate red lips? He tried to answer the mental question, but his brain seemed in a whirl.

It was not the effects of his fall, but the witchery of her presence.

She was so perfectly still, her face set in quiet gravity, that he feared to speak or move, lest he should disturb her. Then, suddenly, she looked up with a little start.

"I must go," she said, almost to herself.

"Oh, no!" he pleaded. "Wait and rest for a little while!"

She turned her face towards him with a smile, but her eyes were half veiled by the long lashes.

"It is you that should rest," she said.

"Oh! I'm all right," he said. "But you have had a fright, and are—are upset, and no wonder. I'm afraid you'll never forgive me," he added, remorsefully.

"Forgive?" she repeated, as if she had not understood.

"Yes," he said, "I'm afraid, if ever we meet again, that you will think of me as—as the clumsy fellow who nearly rode over you, and—gave you all this trouble!"

"No," she said, simply, "there is nothing to forgive."

She raised her eyes to his face for a moment as she spoke. He was still bareheaded, and his hat lay a shapeless mass in the brook, and the water had formed the yellow hair into short, crisp curls on his white forehead, and in his dark eyes lingered the look which they had worn when he had first returned to consciousness—a look of hungering, reverent admiration.

She took up her hat and put it on slowly. A spell seemed to have fallen on her. She thought it was the reaction after the excitement.

"I must go," she said. "But you? Shall

I send someone to help you?"

He rose, reluctantly, and laughed softly.

"To help me!" he said. "But I am all right; I never felt better. It's not my first tumble by many; and, besides, I've not far to go. But you will let me see you home? I,"—he faltered—"I should like to tell your people, and thank them——"

"No, no," she said, her eyes following the direction which he had taken when he said that he had not far to go.

"I am staying at the Towers," he said responding to her look. "You know the Towers?"

She shook her head.

"I am staying with my uncle. My name is Neville—Cecil Neville—" he stopped as if he expected or wished that she would tell him hers, but Doris remained silent.

"That's my uncle's horse, and I hope I haven't injured her!" he laughed.

"Oh, no! Poor thing!" said Doris pityingly. "It wasn't her fault!"

"No, it was all mine," he said. "And I may not go home with you? Will you let me call and thank you—properly—to-morrow?"

She raised her eyes with a fleeting glance.

"It is not necessary," she said.

His face fell. She lingered a moment, then she turned away.

"Good afternoon."

He glanced up at the sky.

"Good-night!" he said slowly. 'Good-night!" in so low a voice that it seemed almost a whisper.

She walked through the clump of trees for a hundred yards perhaps, then stopped with a start.

In the spell that had fallen upon her, she had forgotten her book. She looked round and saw that he was standing where she had left him. She waited, and presently he moved, and going to the brook, knelt down and bathed his face and head. Then he went towards the horse, called it to him, and got into the saddle. Not till he got some distance did she venture to return.

Her book was there, and beside it the handkerchief with which he had tried to remove the stains from her dress: they were there still!

She took it up and looked at it dreamily: the whole incident seemed almost a dream! and saw in a corner, worked in red silk, the initials C. N., and above them a coronet.

She was about to drop the handkerchief where she had found it, but instead she thrust it out of sight in the bosom of her dress.

Then with a smile she opened her book.

By a strange coincidence it opened at the page upon which appeared the words that had proved such a stumbling block to her, and half unconsciously she murmured—

"Good-night, good-night!"

What was it that made her start and brought the warm blood to her face?

Only this, that now for the first time the words seemed to possess their real meaning. She had learned how to speak them!

'Good-night! Good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow that I shall say good-night till it be to-morrow.

She ought to have been glad: why then did she utter a little cry almost of dismay, and cover her face with her hands?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Traveling Bag.

BY S. F. R.

I WAS to be sure and take my bag with me; my niece said so—my dear girl whose behest her husband says I obey as blindly as ever did Circe's victims their malignant mistress.

It is no business of the outside world's that her face is the reflex of another and far dearer one, and that I live my hopeful youth in her dear presence.

Her mother was to have been my wife once—at least, I thought so, and the thought was heaven; but it was all a mistake. She never had anything but a sisterly affection for me, and what I fancied was a girl's shy love was only the shadow as it were of a greater and more absorbing passion.

I hardly know how the awakening came, but it did come, and I was able to hide it and never show either of them what a fool I had been. It was over-work they said when I broke down and had to give up my employment and go away for a change; I should find a wife out in Australia they told me when I bade them good-bye.

How should they know or guess that there would be only one woman in the world for me till my life should end, and that one my brother's wife!

I never saw either of them again. But when I came back many a long year after, they showed me her daughter, and with the sight of her baby face all the bitterness died out of my heart and the little orphan crept in to fill the vacant place. That is all long ago now, and I am a lonely old man, but for the bright home she keeps for me whenever I like to go to it.

I never had many relations, and all of my own generation have gone before me into the silent land. Maggie's husband and her children look upon me as part of the family, and welcome me as she does whenever I can go to Alverthorpe.

It is a good many years now since I took the memorable journey in which my traveling bag played such a distinguished part, but Maggie and Mr. Nottingly laugh whenever they think about it still, and tell it to their children as a good joke. The eldest of them were little tiny creatures when it happened, and I was living in London chambers a solitary, and I dare say somewhat morose, bachelor.

Whenever I went down to Alverthorpe it was my niece's custom to send me back laden with all sorts of country luxuries that taste so sweet in the city, hence the injunction to "bring the bag"—*the* bag *par excellence;* it was big enough to carry well nigh all my possessions in.

I had bought it without considering its size and capacity from an impecunious acquaintance who was parting with all his goods piecemeal and sold it cheap.

It was a bag of the largest size, opening its capacious mouth wide enough to put anything in that it would hold, and was in good order and respectable in appearance. "Bring it empty, mind," Maggie had written on this special occasion. "What you have to take back will more than fill it."

I obeyed her behest in that I put nothing in the bag that I did not want, and carried it with me into the car.

The train was timed to arrive at Alverthorpe about ten o'clock at night, and it would be dark for at least half the journey. I did not care much. I was very tired from many circumstances combined, and I should sleep pretty well all the way. I have a faculty for sleeping on a journey which many tired people envy. Given a comfortable corner and sufficient warmth and room, and I can get a fair night's rest out of a tiresome time of travel and movement. This was to be a day expedition, but I settled my rugs and mufflers notwithstanding. The weather was very cold and frosty. Snow was in the air, but it had not fallen. The car was empty when I got in, but the guard looked at my bag, which for the present I had placed on the seat beside me.

"Better let me put it in the van, sir," he said.

"No, I prefer to have it with me."

"Rather large for the car, sir: may fill up and——"

"Then I will put it out of the way," I said, somewhat sharply; "let it alone."

He said no more; but, oh, how I came to wish afterwards that I had let him take it away; that I had never bought it—never seen the out-at-elbows ne'er-do-well that had persuaded me into taking it of him.

No one got into the car with me, and the train steamed out of the station, leaving me and my bag the only occupant of that particular compartment. The journey seemed very long, and time dragged.

People got in and out at various stations, but never so as to fill up or make it necessary for me to move my bag.

I went to sleep in my usual fashion. I don't think after dusk set in that I was actually conscious of anything: my bag might have been stolen a dozen times had any evil disposed person thought it worth while to take it, but I suspect I was not credited with being so sound asleepy as I was. I had some dim idea that now and then there was a movement about me, and that the noise of the train was always going on, and that was all.

Presently I began to dream. I was at my journey's end, and Maggie—bless her!—was hovering about with the latest baby (there was always a baby in that household) in her arms, and it cried—oh, how that dear infant did cry! It roared till it was black in the face, and kicked till it seemed to my nightmare-ridden eyes to fly all to pieces, and I woke with the noise ringing in my ears, and the remembrance making me laugh outright as the train whirled through the darkness.

But the noise did not cease, and I sat spellbound and wondering whether I was awake or still continuing my dream. For it was my bag that was crying.

As surely as I was sitting there in that railway car that ungainly bag was sending out shrieks and yells that would have appalled a Stoic; kicking, too, if certain jerks and wobbles might pass for kicks.

"What is it?" I said to myself in despair. "*What* is it?"

I hardly dared to touch it. I was actually frightened, and fancied I don't know what; but I summoned up courage at last, and put my hand on the bag.

It was open. I had not left it open, though it was not locked—a careless habit of mine which I have altered since—and I pulled it wide, to see to my horror a screaming baby lying in the bottom of it. I don't know what became of me for the next minute or two—I felt as if I was going to have a fit—and the shrieks from that bewitched bag seemed to get louder and louder, and I had no more idea what to do with the imp than if it had been a young tiger.

Not so much, perhaps, for I should have made an effort to strangle such a visitor; but I could not strangle a baby, and a nicely dressed baby too, who stared at me with wide open eyes, and actually stopped in the very middle of a howl, petrified into silence by its amazement at my appearance. Something must be done. But what? I could not leave the creature in the bottom of the bag to stifle itself, and I pulled it out somehow, I don't know how. I had had some experience of babies, for Maggie always had one on hand, so that I did not hold it bottom upwards, or otherwise maltreat it. It was a very young infant, one of the kind that always prompt mothers and nurses to say, "Oh, take care," whenever you touch them—the sort that always have to lie flat on their backs and be dandled up and down. It was dressed in fine embroidered robes, and wrapped in soft, white shawl; and as I had it in my arms it stopped crying altogether, and went to sleep.

I dared not move lest I should wake it up again, and there I sat, straight up with my arms out, and a baby lying across them. I knew my traveling cap was all awry, and my cravat twisted as if I had been trying to hang myself in it. All my things were scattered about the car, for I had dragged them out of the bag with the dreadful child. And I was conscious that I, Archibald Dunraven, looked more like an escaped lunatic than a sane man.

We were nearing a station—Beechfield; I knew it well, only two stations from my journey's end, and I looked out for a porter.

"Here, hi!" I called to one, who came and opened the car door for two persons, who bounced in with scant ceremony, while I heard the man burst into a laugh.

"Why, uncle! what *are* you doing?" asked Maggie, for it was she who, with her husband, had entered the car, while Frank, staring at me like a man in a dream, lay back in the opposite seat, and laughed till he could hardly speak.

"I—I beg your pardon," he gasped; "but ——"

And then he began again, and Maggie joined, and so did I; till the baby woke, and emitted such a yell that it out shrieked us, and my nephew and niece came back to their senses.

"Give it to me," Maggie said in her motherly fashion, "we shall frighten it to death, poor little thing. Where did you get it, uncle? Were you bringing it down to us for a New Year's gift? You seem to have been in difficulties with it."

I told my story, and that wicked Frank laughed again till the tears rolled down his cheeks at my discomfiture; but I was too glad they had come into the train to be angry with him. They had been to Beechfield to see a friend, and knowing I should be in that train, had returned by it. Being rather late, they had no time to look for me, but got into the first car they could find—the very one where I sat with my luckless charge.

"Of course, you will hand it to the police, sir," Frank said as we neared Alverthorpe.

"Oh, not to-night," Maggie said, hugging it to her bosom. "Poor little darling, it is no workhouse child. Let us wait till to-morrow, perhaps we shall hear something about it."

So we took it home with us. No one at the station showed any astonishment at seeing Maggie with a baby, the sight was too common. And there my story ends, for from that hour to this we have never had the slightest clue to the identity of the baby. We did not send her to the workhouse; somhow or other, when the little fingers closed over one of mine the next morning, all thought of giving her up seemed to die out of my heart, and I made up my mind if she was never claimed that she should be my child. We made all possible inquiries and advertised, but nothing came of it, and she grew up amongst us like one of Maggie's own. She is like my dear daughter now, but no one knows the real history of the graceful girl who rides with me sometimes, and is admired so much, except ourselves.

Frank has a theory about her. A friend of his going on board one of the great Atlantic liners to see someone off, encountered a lady alone, and in some trouble apparently, who sobbed out something about her child, unconscious that she was overheard. That ship went down with all her freight, living and otherwise, and not a soul escaped to tell the tale. I often think of her, and wonder whether the broad Atlantic holds the secret of my adopted child's birth, and whether in the great day it will be from there that the dead women will rise who put that baby into my traveling bag.

He that will often put eternity and the world before him, and who will dare to look steadfastly at both of them, will find that, as he contemplates them, the former will grow greater, and the latter less.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE UMBRELLA.—For many centuries the umbrella had been in common use in China and Japan before it was introduced into European countries. It was brought to England about 200 years ago by one Jonas Hanway, an eccentric old gentleman. When he first used it he was pelted with sticks and shoes by the street boys, but the new article prevented much harm being done to his person. It was regarded as effeminate and ridiculous for many a year to use an umbrella.

THE EARTH'S WEIGHT.—A learned Danish professor has come to the conclusion that every year the weight of the earth is augmented by the falling on its surface of metallic iron in very fine powder, and that this iron, which comes to us from shooting stars, falls almost continually, sometimes alone, and sometimes mixed with rain or snow. In all snow he found iron in appreciable quantities, and in a state of fine subdivision. He has in this way procured material enough to form a small charm which one of his friends wears attached to his watch chain.

COMPANY.—Don't overdress for company. Don't do anything merely to show them and give them your best, but do it without parade. If you have only plain crockery and pewter spoons, then the whiteness of the table cloth and the freshness of the napkins, and especially the cordial welcome is all that is necessary. If dancing be the evening's amusement, a hostess should be sure that every one is provided with a partner before she herself accepts one. If games are the order of the day, let her see that every one is drawn into the fun. If a visitor stands alone, quickly, before there is a chance for him to feel awkward, go yourself to talk with him, or ask some one else to do so.

SAVED BY A WOODEN LEG.—Gouverneur Morris, one of the founders of our Republic, was on a certain occasion thrown out of his carriage in this city, and his leg was so severely injured that it had to be cut off. The loss of the limb did not seem to vex him very much, and it formed the subject of many a joke. Once he found it a distinct advantage to have only one leg. He was driving through Paris on this occasion when the people were greatly excited by the fever of the Revolution, and when all who rode in carriages were pointed at as "aristocrats" and were even, in some cases, killed. A yelling mob soon surrounded his carriage, but Morris was equal to the occasion. Thrusting his wooden leg through the window, he shouted out: "An aristocrat! Yes, one who lost his leg in the cause of American liberty." Thus his wooden leg and ready wit saved his life.

SEWING.—One of the oldest arts in the world is that of sewing. Bone needles have been found among the earliest remains of the Swiss lake dwellings, and in caves of France and Great Britain, which were frequented by man during the Reindeer Age. Some of these early needles were perforated in the middle, which was the thickest part, and others were pierced at the larger end. A French cavern has yielded needles much superior to those of the ancient Gauls, and also to the ivory needles of the modern Eskimo, special skill having been applied to the boring of the eyes, which must have been done with a fine flint drill. The Swiss lake dwellers used linen thread or bark fibre for sewing, and made garments from woven fabrics of linen and bark, as well as from the skins of animals. The cave people employed a thread made from split tendons, and the fineness of some of their needles has suggested the probability that they performed some more delicate work than the sewing of skins.

WATCHING.

BY A. C. R.

"A watched pot never boils," the old wives say:
Though Love himself to stir the embers strive,
Though Hope with laughing lips does all she may
To keep the sitful, flickering flame alive.

Though Passion rouses with his fervid breath
A little glow, he wearies, and it dies,
And the heaped coals grow gray and chill beneath
The piteous pleading of Faith's wistful eyes.

Nay, Wisdom whispers, seek for other fare,
Nor waste life's Summer in such useless toils;
In vain, the fond Trust, wrapped in love and prayer,
Sits by the hearth—"the watched pot never boils."

A Lord's Daughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

"AUNT ADELAIDE, that girl must go!"

"My dearest child, I don't see how it is to be managed; but I will do all I can. Pray calm yourself, my darling Lucille—you will make your pretty eyes so red if you cry! Sit down, dearest, and let us talk about it quietly."

Lucille was pacing up and down her aunt's boudoir like a caged lioness. Her eyes were streaming with tears of rage and mortification, and she had twisted up her little cambric embroidered handkerchief into the similitude of a piece of rope between her trembling and angry fingers.

"She must go, I tell you—she must go!"

"Oh, it's all very well telling me to be calm and not get excited; but, if you were engaged to Adrian, and caught him making love to a designing minx of a girl who was doing her best to entrap him, would you not be angry too? And now he has gone away—actually gone—when he had promised to ride with me this afternoon; and I wanted him to put up my chestnut in the shafts to-morrow morning too; and we were to have gone out in the punt on the lake this evening! Oh, it's too bad! And I begged and prayed of him to stop, and he simply wouldn't listen to me. I don't believe in that telegram one bit, even though Simpkins told me he had one—it's all a put up dodge to please that horrid, hateful minx of a girl!"

"But, if she had induced him to go away, my dear child, it does not look much as if she wanted to flirt with him?"

"She? Oh, no; he has gone of his own accord in order to get out of temptation, poor boy! When I caught them she was evidently entreating him to stay. Aunt, she is a serpent—a veritable serpent! You must get her sent away!"

"That, Lucille dear, is easier said than done. I can talk to her of course, and I can punish her and shut her up in her room; but Lord Elwyn would never allow her to be sent out of the house, whatever she had done. As a matter of fact, she has more right here than you have, dearest."

"Very well then; I shall away and stay with the Doyles, and console myself with Laurie. He is very devoted, and not half such a trouble as Adrian is!"

She spoke wildly, knowing how the threat would affect her aunt.

"Oh, Lucille," cried Lady Elwyn, in genuine distress, "you frighten me—you do indeed—when you talk in that desperate way! You know as well as I that wretched Laurence Doyl has nothing on earth but debts and habits of dissipation, and wants you only for your money; whereas Sir Adrian has a large fortune and a nice place of his own. You would never be such a fool as to throw up the solid advantage of a good match for the sake of a penniless ne'er-do-well like young Doyle? I cannot believe it of you, Lucille."

"Be easy, aunt Adelaide—I don't mean to throw Adrian over—I know the value of money too well; but, if that girl is to live here for ever, I shall certainly go away and amuse myself with other people whenever I can."

Lady Elwyn looked full of distress and perplexity. Like everybody else who came in contact with Lucille Maitland, she dreaded her outbursts of temper and was cowed by her imperious violence; yet the only creature on earth perhaps whom she genuinely loved was this beautiful wayward girl whom she had brought up since her parents' death as her own daughter. She sighed and passed her hand wearily across her forehead.

Lucille had flung herself impatiently in a low basket-chair. There were lines upon her brows and a pout on her red lips; she tapped impatiently upon the floor with the front of her little pointed shoe, and now and then she bit viciously the cambric handkerchief in her hands with her small white teeth.

"I am thinking, Lucille," said Lady Elwyn at last, "that there may be a way of ridding ourselves of this girl peaceably, and without any difficulty at all."

Lucille left off biting her pocket-handkerchief, and looked up with interest.

"You can't suppose," continued her aunt, "that I like her presence here one whit better than you do. She is a dreadful nuisance to me in every way, and unfortunately there is no denying that she is nice-mannered and even good-looking."

"Oh!" ejaculated Miss Maitland, with an angry shrug of her shoulders.

"Yes, my dear—you cannot deny that she is pretty. And that, in one way, makes it all the worse, because she attracts people by her looks and ways who would never notice her at all if she were plain and dull. Her father, for instance—why, he seems to be quite infatuated with her. However, in another sense her looks are an advantage, because the idea I have in my mind will be all the more easily carried out."

"What on earth do you mean, dear aunt?"

"I mean that we might marry her off quickly."

"And who would marry her, pray?" said Lucille, with a contemptuous gesture. "Who would be likely to want to take her off our hands at an hour's notice?"

"Well, I have though it over already, Lucille; and I do not see why, with management, it should not be brought about. My idea is to marry her to the Colonel."

"To Colonel Elwyn? Oh, aunt!"—and Lucille flung herself back in her chair and burst into a peal of laughter. "My dear aunt, you are a genius! What a joke it would be! Old Mephistopheles and the innocent ingenue—what a combination! But you will never manage it—never! And then would Lord Elwyn allow it?"

"Oh, my dear, I do not think the difficulty would be so stupendous as you seem to imagine, or that Lord Elwyn would be very hard to manage! You see Alfred is his heir; he will have the title and the place, and Kathleen will have the money. From a worldly point of view, it would be suitable—very suitable indeed. And then Alfred Elwyn is just the sort of man to fall violently in love with that kind of ignorant unformed creature; a pretty face is all he looks for in any woman. And, as to the girl herself why, her head will simply be turned by the first gentleman who pays her any attention! Think, my dear—a girl accustomed to common laboring-men—why, she will positively jump at it!"

"Great heavens, what a life he would lead her! I pity any woman married to Alfred Elwyn. Imagine what a nice, kind domesticated husband he would make! It is really a most killing idea!"

Miss Maitland, completely restored to good temper by the very thought of her aunt's suggestion, laid her head back upon the soure cushions and laughed long and merrily.

"Alfred would have to marry some day," continued her ladyship, pursuing the subject with relish. "He will never marry respectably—he is too confirmed a vagrant for that, let alone the fact that no respectable woman of decent family would marry him; his little affaires de cœur with disreputable persons have been somewhat too notorious. But of course he will have to marry for the sake of an heir; and I should think that Kathleen would suit him admirably, with her looks, money, innocence, and absolute ignorance of the world. That her mother was an innkeeper's daughter won't signify to Alfred the least in the world—he rather likes women of a low class—it will be all in his own line. Yes; I do think it a most admirable idea. I shall sound his lordship about it before Alfred comes down next week. He rather likes Alfred, you know, because he is a good shot; he won't object to him very much for a son-in-law if he is made to think the girl's heart is in it."

Again Lucille went off into fits of uncontrollable laughter.

"Won't it be splendid!" she said. "What a fine revenge for all her behavior to me! What a dog's life she will lead her—and serve her right too, a low under-bred creature, foisted on us against our will, and setting herself to work to ogle the gentleman who happens to be staying in the house! Why, aunt Adelaide, she has been trying to attract Adrian's attention ever since she came! From the very first minute I noticed how she looked at him, with her mock-modest air, inveigling him into little private conversations and all the rest of it! Oh, I am not a fool, neither am I blind! And, if she marries the Colonel, it will be only a just retribution, and I shall be delighted—yes, delighted—to think how miserable she will be!"

And so this magnificent scheme for the utter undoing of an innocent and friendless girl who had never done them any harm, and whose only crime was that she existed and was her father's child, was discussed at great length between the two women who were her enemies.

And the more they talked it over the more enamored they became of the notion, and the more feasible did it seem to dispose of poor Kathleen so summarily and in so satisfactory a fashion to themselves.

"Many a marriage has been arranged and carried out to suit the conveniences and fancies of persons interested neither in the bridegroom nor the bride; therefore why not this one?" argued Lady Elwyn.

These two women were quite of one mind; they meant to get rid of Kathleen, and, having devised a method by which they thought they could do so, they were not in the least scrupulous about the manner in which it was to be brought about.

Poor Kathleen did not have a particularly pleasant time of it during the next few days.

It was true that the man she loved had gone away, and was for the time being safe from those terrors which had for a few hours caused her so much anguish of mind; it was also true that he had gone with so much consideration and tenderness towards herself that she might well be pardoned for believing that he was, despite his bondage to another, by no means indifferent to herself, in addition to this, as far as she could tell, Tom Darley had quitted the neighborhood—he came no more after the keeper's place, and she saw no glimpse of his disturbing presence in any of her walks or rides.

But, left to the tender mercies of two women who had entered into a combination to make her feel uncomfortable, the girl felt anything but happy.

They were not actively unkind to her; they did not persecute her with harsh words; nor was the subject of Sir Adrian's attentions alluded to by either of them; but, silently and with a studied coldness, they sent her to "Coventry." They talked much and gaily to each other—they never spoke to her; they drove out daily in the carriage—they never asked her to accompany them.

If Lucille went on to the tennis-lawn, or out in the boat upon the lake, she did not ask the other girl so near to her own age to play or row with her, but knocked the balls about by herself, or sculled herself across the blue water to the flower-jewelled island in the centre, without a suggestion to the wistful-eyed maiden upon the bank that she might accompany her. At meals, save to inquire what she would eat and drink, they ignored her altogether.

Her father was always kind and affectionate, but he was much occupied just now with preparations for the partridge-shooting—which was a very important thing indeed at Chertsil Towers—and he was unable to take much notice of his young daughter.

He would have been exceedingly surprised and puzzled if he had been told that she was wretched. He saw her three or four times in the day; she was prettily and suitably dressed, and was usually busy reading or working or practising her music.

He knew that the head-groom gave her a riding-lesson every morning on a pretty little bay mare of perfect manners which he had presented to her, and he gave instructions that a smart pony-cart and pony should be purchased and placed entirely at Miss Elwyn's disposal. He honestly believed that everything on earth had been done to make her life a happy one. That his wife and her niece were doing their best to render her miserable never entered his head.

It did not occur to Kathleen to make any complaints to him. She had a sweet temper and a patient disposition, and she was proud too. To complain would have been to bring a storm about her ears; and a storm would have brought an explanation in which Adrian and her interest in him would have come under discussion.

Sooner than raise that subject again she would have endured any ignominy that might be put to her.

But the women did not heap indignities upon her. That was not their plan just now. They merely wanted her to feel utterly lonely and solitary and dull, so that she would be likely to welcome gladly anybody who would create a diversion in the monotony of her joyless existence. To this end they talked very frequently about Colonel Alfred Elwyn—so frequently that at last Kathleen began to experience a vague curiosity to see him and a faint desire that he would arrive.

On the evening before he was to come, Gorman was brushing out the soft tresses of her long hair.

"What is Colonel Elwyn like who is coming to morrow, Gorman?" inquired her young lady suddenly.

"Like, my dearie! Why, he ain't like anybody much!"

Gorman was apt to be somewhat vague in her language.

"Is he handsome?"

"There's a many as would call him handsome," replied the abigail ambiguously. "One never do know what young women think of men's looks."

Gorman was evidently not to be drawn into a discussion of the heir's personal appearance, so Kathleen tried her on another tack.

"Is he a nice man, Gorman?"

"Now whatever does a lady mean by asking if a gentleman is nice?" exclaimed Gorman. "Sweets is nice, and so is peaches. The General isn't like sweets, nor yet peaches, as I know of."

"What is he like, Gorman?" Kathleen asked.

"The Colonel is like himself, miss, and like no one else on earth as I ever heard of."

With this oracular reply Kathleen was forced to be contented.

Colonel Elwyn was to arrive at Chertsil Towers in time for dinner. Kathleen had gone up-stairs to dress before the return of the carriage that had been sent to meet him at the station.

She was standing before her dressing-table waiting for Gorman and slowly unfastening the little gold brooch in her collar, when a very extraordinary thing happened. There was a hasty rap at the door, and, before she had time to say "Come in," Lady Elwyn entered her pretty bedroom.

Kathleen was so astonished that she could not utter a word, more especially as, instead of with the cold and frowning face with which her step-mother usually met her, she entered smiling, and addressed her at once in the kindest voice she could utter.

"I came to see what you were going to wear to-night, my dear. What—only your every-evening black gauze?"—observing that that garment lay upon the bed. "Oh, that won't do at all! There is a white dress Gorman has been making for you this week; put that on, Kathleen, to-night. Don't you remember that Colonel Elwyn will be here to dinner?"

Kathleen murmured almost inaudibly that she had not supposed that Colonel Elwyn would take any notice of what she put on.

"On the contrary, Kathleen, Alfred Elwyn is a man that notices every detail of a lady's toilette; and, moreover, as he is specially anxious to see you and to make your acquaintance, I wish you to look your very best."

A flush of surprise rose to Kathleen's brow; and, as she was young and quite without experience, there arose at the same time the tremor of a pleasurable excitement within her. She faltered a little confusedly—

"Why should he take an interest in me?"

"Well, perhaps you will find out some day, my dear," replied Lady Elwyn, pursing up her lips in a mysterious fashion. "Meanwhile it will please your father as well as me if you look your best this evening, Gorman"—as the maid entered the room at that moment—"Miss Elwyn will wear her new white dress to-night; and be careful to make her look nice, please; and Graves will bring you a little diamond ornament I will lend her to fasten in her hair."

Gorman looked amazed.

"The Colonel will be here, Gorman, you know," she added with a significant nod as she retired.

When the door had closed upon her, Gorman stood stock-still in the middle of the room.

"Miss Kathleen," she said solemnly, "her ladyship means mischief! I never saw her smile and nod in that there crocodile-fashion that she didn't!"

"Oh, dear old silly Gorman," replied Kathleen, laughing aloud, "what mischief can possibly arise from my wearing a new dress and her ladyship's lending me a diamond ornament? I think she means it kindly; and, oh, if you knew how nice it is to be spoken kindly to and taken an interest in, just for a change!" added the poor child wistfully.

But Gorman looked black. She said

nothing for some moments, but busied herself in bringing out the pretty white dress from the wardrobe. Suddenly she turned round upon her young lady and cried earnestly:

"Oh, my dear Miss Kathleen, you are nothing but an innocent lamb, and know nothing about evil, but for Heaven's sake beware of Colonel Elwyn! It's him as is at the bottom of this; and there is those in this house as would sacrifice you to a bad man just as easy as they would crush a spider, and think no more of it. Don't you have anything to say to Colonel Alfred my lamb."

This warning, well-intentioned as it was, was hardly likely to effect the object desired. Kathleen, who was young and impressionable, had heard too much lately of this wonderful Colonel to receive old Gorman's words quite in the sense in which they were spoken.

Her young blood boiled with a little generous indignation against the woman for trying to set her against her father's heir by vague accusations of evil.

"What have you to say against Colonel Elwyn?" she asked, with a touch of the hauteur which was by birth in her blood. "If there is anything wicked that he has done, you had better say so; otherwise I prefer not to hear insinuations against papa's cousin who is to be a guest in his house."

She felt more anxious to see the Colonel than she had ever felt before.

Colonel Elwyn was standing up before the fireplace in the small drawing-room talking to her ladyship when Kathleen, in her white dress, with crimson roses at her bosom and a glittering diamond bee in her hair, came timidly into the room.

He was tall and spare, his figure was good, and his natural aspect was distinguished-looking. He was a man of about eight and thirty, and therefore he seemed quite elderly to the girl's juvenile eyes. He had an aquiline nose, and a heavy drooping moustache waxed into sharp points at the ends, a sallow complexion, and dark deep set eyes that were rather too close together either for beauty or for pleasantness.

These peculiarities of feature had doubtless earned him the nickname of "Mephistopheles," whom he also resembled, if report spoke truly, in sundry distinctive and not altogether admirable traits of character.

Despite the show of breeding and of polite manners with which the Colonel knew how to gloss over his designs, any student of human nature could have told at a glance that the owner of so remarkable a face was not a good man.

Even Kathleen, ignorant and innocent as she was, recoiled with instinctive repulsion as she met his eyes; and her own fell confusedly and with a sort of shame beneath the bold glances which he cast upon her pretty face.

"So this is my little cousin!" he said, as he took her small brown hand in his long tapering fingers. "By Jove, my lady, you have not exaggerated your account of her! A real beauty, and no mistake! Are there many such pretty girls as you in the village of Mayfield, my dear?"

Kathleen drew away a little proudly from the openly expressed admiration and the too-familiar words, to which she disdained to give a reply.

"Gorman was right," she said to herself, as she took a distant seat—"he is not a good man. But how odd that Lady Elwyn should have taken the trouble to describe me to him!"

She was not destined to be left long in doubt as to the interest which Colonel Elwyn took in her.

All that evening he paid marked attention, angling her out for remarks and questions of the meaning of which she understood but little, and overlooking the beautiful Lucille Maitland in a manner that was really astonishing to Kathleen, but which, oddly enough, the beauty did not appear to resent in the slightest.

Had Kathleen known that only a year before Alfred Elwyn, fired by a desire for her future thousands, had laid his hand and heart at Lucille's feet and been repulsed by her with ignominy, she would have wondered less at Miss Maitland's resignation at the loss of his attentions; but, not being aware of this circumstance, she could only marvel at the Colonel's taste in preferring herself and her simplicity to all the innumerable charms of the petted child of fashion. That such was the case however was most plainly evident.

After dinner, Colonel Elwyn asked her if she was musical, and requested her to sing; and, while she hesitated and looked doubtfully towards Lucille, who possessed a highly-cultivated if somewhat harsh soprano voice, Lady Elwyn called out to her—

"Yes; go, my love, and sing us something—you sing charmingly. I was listening to your practice the other day—your father must hear how well you are progressing."

She sat down to the piano, and sang the old song "Robin Adair." Kathleen had not a powerful voice, but it was full in tone and remarkably sweet; she sang also with much pathos and true feeling.

Colonel Elwyn, who was critical, could find no fault with her voice and style; while, when she rose from the piano, she was surprised and touched to see that her father's eyes were full of tears.

"Your mother used to sing that song," he whispered in her ear as he wished her good night; and, as she returned his kiss, Kathleen felt that she had never been drawn to him nor loved him so well.

Altogether, in spite of the redoubtable Colonel and his evil face Kathleen had not spent so happy an evening since her arrival at Clorteil Towers.

It was the first time her step-mother had treated her with kindness and as if she was on an equal with the rest of the family, instead of the inferior being which she had been taught to regard herself.

But an elucidation of the mystery was soon to come. On the following morning Lady Elwyn called the girl into her boudoir as soon as breakfast was over.

"Come in, Kathleen," she said kindly, "and shut the door. I have something of great importance to tell you. You like Colonel Elwyn, my love?"

Kathleen was surprised at such a question.

"I—I hardly know—it is difficult to say on so short an acquaintance. He was certainly very kind to me yesterday evening," she added more heartily, remembering how much he praised her song.

"Yes, he is very kind—a most warm-hearted fellow," said her step-mother earnestly. "Alfred has a heart of gold," she added.

Kathleen doubted it, but she was too polite to give expression to her doubts.

"Of course, as you say, your acquaintance with him has been short, and you cannot be supposed to know much of him as yet by personal observation. But you must take our word, my love, as to his merits; and I hope that very soon you will know him much better."

"What do you mean, Lady Elwyn?" asked Kathleen, looking very much bewildered.

"I mean, my dear, that a wonderful piece of good fortune has befallen you—such luck, let me tell you, as does not often come to a young and ignorant girl, especially with unfortunate antecedents. The dear Colonel has consented to overlook the drawbacks in your position—to forget them altogether—in fact, his generosity and nobility are quite beyond praise in the matter. He admires you excessively, and—I hope it will not quite turn your head, dear—he has asked your father and myself for permission to make you his wife. It is as your future husband that you must now look upon Colonel Alfred Elwyn!"

CHAPTER IX.

IT WAS three whole years and more since Lady Elwyn had informed her step-daughter with brutal coldness of the destiny to which in her heartlessness and cruelty she designed to surrender her—three whole years since Kathleen Elwyn's soul, meek and sweet-tempered as by nature it was, rose up nevertheless into open rebellion within her against the tyrannical decree of her father's wife.

Kathleen could afford to smile now because it was so long ago; still she could never quite forget the terrors of the domestic storm which was evoked by her point-blank refusal to agree to the proposition of the woman whose sole object was to rid herself of her by her marriage with Colonel Elwyn.

Perhaps Lady Elwyn had mistaken the character of the girl with whom she had to deal—perhaps she expected only mild protests and passionate tears, and in the end a sullen submission to her will.

Certainly she was wholly unprepared for the indignation, the righteous wrath, the proud resentment with which the disclosure of her schemes for her future was met.

What the girl did and what she said on that memorable day is for ever inscribed upon the recollection of all who were concerned in the business—how, like a wild creature, she flew along the passage to her father's library, and there cast herself breathless upon her knees at his feet; how Lord Elwyn, much troubled at the moment by a falsification on the part of his head-bailiff in the accounts of the home-farm and irritated into the bargain by the premonitory symptoms of an attack of gout, was more annoyed than touched by the intrusion and by the recital of her wrongs, and was inclined to turn a deaf ear to what seemed to him the inopportune violence of a petulant child; how Lady Elwyn next rushed in to his sanctum and proceeded to give her version of what had taken place, fuming forth angrily the words "impertinence," "disobedience," "insubordination;" how the fair Lucille, determined to add fuel to the fire, followed her aunt with incoherent accusations against the unhappy girl for her "flirting ways" and "unladylike behavior;" and how, finally, Colonel Elwyn, sauntering accidentally into the library, was much more startled than flattered to discover what rage and indignation his matrimonial overtures had been received by the fair girl whom he had honored with his admiration.

All these things were now a matter of history; but they nearly turned the Castle of Clorteil Towers inside out at the time, and they were productive of the most important results to the fortunes of Kathleen.

When the storm had subsided and the belligerents were scattered—when Kathleen had been dismissed in disgrace to her own bed-room, there to receive the ministrations of the sympathetic Gorman—when Miss Maitland had gone out for a long ride to cool her fevered blood, and the Colonel, with much disgust, had betaken himself back to London by an early train—then Lady Elwyn, as was natural, remained mistress of the situation, holding all the trump cards comfortably and securely in her own hands.

Lord Elwyn, annoyed beyond measure at the scene of the morning, upset by his cousin's sudden departure, and writhing in the first anguish of his periodical enemy the gout, was not perhaps in a mood to be either just or merciful to his wronged child.

As to all well-bred middle-aged Englishmen, anything like a "scene," more especially one that entailed the angry recriminations of feminine tongues, was abhorrent to him.

He was quite easily persuaded into believing that Kathleen was unruly and unreasonable.

"If she didn't fancy Alfred, why didn't she say so quietly and without a fuss?" he inquired between his groans, as he hugged his bandaged foot.

"Exactly," replied his wife—"instead of blazing out like fury. My dear, the girl wants discipline and repose, as I told you before. It is not her fault perhaps, poor child; but she is very young, and there is plenty of time for her to improve."

Lady Elwyn spoke kindly and sensibly. She was a clever woman, and her lord was as wax in her hands. She meant to win the day, and she did win it.

A mysterious hush fell upon the household for the next three or four days. Lord Elwyn, who was really ill, kept his own room.

Lady Elwyn wrote a great many letters and telegrams, to which answers poured in frequently, and wore an absorbed and judicial aspect.

Lucille smiled satirically and uttered many little cutting remarks of ambiguous import; and poor Kathleen crept about the house red-eyed and leaden-footed, feeling that her fate was somehow in the balance, and wondering what dreadful things was to happen to her.

After all, she was relieved when the worst was told her. She was to go away to school—to a first-class finishing-school in Brussels—there to remain until the "finishing" process was fully and efficiently carried out upon her.

She was to have no home-holidays, but to remain with Mademoiselle Regaud during the vacations as a companion rather than as a pupil. She offered no resistance to these arrangements.

It was ten thousand times better than being married to Colonel Elwyn against her will, and her life would possibly be a far happier one than under her father's roof.

She left Clorteil Towers with few regrets. Lord Elwyn, who was still too ill to see her for more than a minute, kissed her and gave her a gold bracelet as a parting present, and bade her be a good girl; whilst Lady Elwyn, standing by during the interview, hurried her quickly out of his presence under pretence of his being too unwell to be excited; and there were no farewell words of any kind between herself and Lucille, who carefully made herself invisible at the very moment when the carriage came to the door.

Poor Kathleen's fondest good-byes were spoken to old Gorman, who wept copious tears over her as she clasped her to her bosom, and also to a certain path in the kitchen-garden, embowered in roses and sheltered by hollyhocks, to which she stole out surreptitiously to bid adieu to those silent witnesses of the happiest hour of her young life.

"I wonder if he knows, or, if he knew, whether he would care?" she murmured to herself; and then, poor foolish child, she knelt down under the shadow of the briar hedge and touched with her lips the blessed spot on the gravel walk upon which Sir Adrian's feet had rested at the moment when, forgetting honor and faith for sweet love's sake, he had stolen his first and only kiss from her lips.

Alas, he was far away salmon-fishing in Ireland, and knew nothing of the trouble into which poor little Kathleen had so sadly fallen, partly by his own fault! So she went away unregretted from her father's house, and entered upon a new existence.

On the whole, Kathleen was very happy at Brussels; and the three years which she spent there were, if not the most full of joy, at any rate the most peaceful of her whole life.

She was a general favorite both with her governesses and school-fellows. Her beauty and sweet temper endeared her to all, whilst her quickness and capacity for learning earned her the special notice of Mademoiselle Regaud, of whom she speedily became the pet pupil.

She was clever, and learnt easily, and she was industrious and worked hard. No money was spared upon her education. She had the best masters which Brussels could produce, and her great talents very soon throve and prospered under the good instruction she received.

She and another English girl, also the daughter of a rich man, were, moreover, allowed their own riding-horses, and rode out into the country daily under the auspices of a staid old riding-master, who had once been a serjeant in a Cavalry regiment.

What he taught them was doubtful; but the girls, who were both intrepid and high-spirited, learnt more than enough by themselves; and in any case he served as a respectable escort, and struggled bravely to keep pace with his young charges, who were always galloping hard across the flat meadows ahead of him.

So three years slipped away quickly and happily, and Kathleen was quite sad when, just after her twentieth birthday, there came a letter from Lord Elwyn to say that she was to leave school and come home "for good" when the Christmas holidays arrived.

All this time she had never forgotten Sir Adrian Devereil, whose memory remained enshrined in her innermost heart as something too sweet and too sacred to be spoken of even to her most intimate friends.

But the recollection of Colonel Elwyn and his aquiline nose and cynical face only made her laugh amusedly as she recalled the episode of his rapid fancy and the violent and angry snub which she had incontinently bestowed upon his pretensions.

As to Tom Darley and her long-ago promises, and his love and his threats, they had faded from her mind so completely that they scarcely seemed to have had any place at all in her life.

The trees in the long avenue were black and bare, and the sky was gray and lowering, and old winter held the pleasant land fast in his dreary grip, when, for the second time, Kathleen Elwyn drove up alone to the great doorway of Clorteil Towers.

All seemed unchanged as she peered eagerly out of the brougham windows; while Simpkins, hastening forward to throw open the doors at her approach, with the powdered twins, his satellites, in his wake reminded her forcibly of her first arrival at her father's house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Waiter: "I hope, sir, you won't forget to remember the waiter."

Departing Guest: "Indeed I will not. Nay, more. I will give the waiter good cause to remember me." Waiter bows low. "You will always recall me as the man who got more work out of you for nothing than all the rest of the people at this table could get for three dollars. Adieu."

Waiter straightens up again.

"Your father is an easy, good natured sort of fellow, isn't he, Clara?"

"Don't mistake him, George. I have had suitors before now who thought that of him, and who have subsequently been obliged to admit that he was a person of considerable push."

NO MORE.

BY A. C. D.

Leaving its foam, its driftwood, on the sand,
The weary tide retreats—receding slow,
As though it would resist the Almighty hand
That draws it from the land.

Deep rest has fallen round me; but I know
That in far other hollow cleits and caves
The turning waters have begun to flow
With surge and murmur low.

So with the tide of years that passes o'er
The sands of this, our life; the weary waves,
Here ebbing, flow upon another shore,
But there shall ebb no more.

MARGERY.

BY M. A. D.

CHAPTER I

I SHALL come up on Friday, and I should like to tell Margery myself, so will you please say nothing to her on the subject.' That's all he says about her! Douglas was always the most unsatisfactory letter writer. What will he do with her I wonder?"

There were three people in the room. Mrs. Downing, a plump, motherly lady of about fifty, with grey hair still soft and plentiful, parted in the middle, and very unfashionably knotted at the back of her head under her little lace cap, was comfortably established in a capacious chair, on the arm of which sat her eldest daughter, Minnie; leaning on the sofa opposite them, with her chin supported on her clasped hand, was Minnie's especial friend, Alice Fordholm, who was very shortly going to marry Minnie's eldest brother, and who was, in consequence, quite one of the family.

About all three there was a certain air of suppressed excitement and elation, produced by the sense that the subject of their conference was an interesting secret; and that the mere fact that such a conference had taken place must be kept, if possible, from "the others."

They were in Mrs. Downing's bedroom—the only room in the house in which any one could hope for a few words with "mother," unattended by any of the nine brothers and sisters—and even here Mrs. Downing cast an anxious glance, now and then, at the door, as if more than half expecting that a hasty knock might be followed by a still more unceremonious entrance.

"Things get all over the house so quickly," she would say sometimes, with half plaintive surprise; not being in the least aware that she herself was entirely unable to keep anything from the rampant curiosity of her family.

Perhaps it was because they were such frank, unreserved people, and because a secret was so rare an article among them, that they had such an extremely limited capacity for keeping one.

"She is a dear little thing," said Alice Fordholm, a little irrelevantly. "There is something so honest and unsophisticated about her. Of course I've only known her since I came to stay with you last Wednesday; but I've grown so fond of her."

"We are all fond of her now," replied Mrs. Downing. "It is no use to deny that all of us—all Douglas's relations, I mean—were very vexed about it when he sent her over first. It seemed a terrible tie for such a young man—and we none of us saw much of the child until Minnie went to the same school, and they became such friends, such very great friends. She has been with us for two months now, and I really think here is the most unselfish nature I ever came across. The children adore her, as you know, and, as to the big boys ——"

She broke off with a smile.

"Poor Will!" she said.

"Poor Will!" echoed Alice Fordholm with a laugh.

Then she continued.

"But I don't quite understand how she came to be Mr. Hollis's ward. Why, surely, he can't be more than ten years older than she is. How did it happen? It is not a secret I suppose?"

"No, my dear, no; it is not a secret. I wonder you never heard about it before. It happened in this way. Margery's mother died in India when she was born, poor little girl, and her father, Colonel Venner, was so devoted to the child that he could not be persuaded to send her home, and kept her with him. Fortunately, he was stationed up in the hills until she was older than most children are when they are sent to England."

"It does not seemed to have hurt her," interposed Alice Fordholm. "She looks the picture of health, and thoroughly English."

"When she was seven years old," went on Mrs. Downing, "her father got into some dreadful trouble. I don't know exactly what it was; but he was cut by all his friends except Douglas Hollis, who had joined the regiment not very long before, and had been extricated by Margery's father from the unpleasant consequences of a boyish escapade. When Colonel Venner fell into his own trouble, Douglas, who is the most grateful of men, could not forget the helping hand held out to him, and stuck to his friend through thick and thin. Finally, the poor man shot himself, and left his little child to the care of his 'only friend—Douglas Hollis.'"

"His only friend," repeated Alice Fordholm. "Why, had he no relations—no one in England to whom he could have sent the poor little thing?"

"No one, apparently," said Mrs. Downing. "Of the mother's family nothing was known, and he himself had not a relation in the world. It was an awkward charge for a youth of twenty; but Douglas behaved admirably. He sent her to England at once to a good school, and there she has been for the last ten years. He wrote to her regularly, and expected her to write to him; and he has been home twice, I believe, on purpose to see after her."

"Has she any money of her own?"

"Oh yes—not much, but enough. There is no difficulty of that sort, fortunately. Six months ago he left the service, as you know, and came home for good; and during her last term at school he used to go and see her every week, and it was arranged that a lady should be engaged as a chaperon and companion for her, and that she should go and keep house for him at a place he proposed to buy in the country. Two months ago, when she and Minnie left school together, he asked me to have her here for a little, while he found a house; and now—he writes me this letter!"

There was a silence. Alice Fordholm made no answer, and Mrs. Downing, having for the moment no more to say, sat meditating.

Minnie had been sitting with her head bent down and her eyes fixed on the letter which she had taken from her mother.

Now she read it carefully through again, and then unconsciously twisted it in her fingers in her abstraction. Presently she lifted her pretty brown head, and said:

"Mother, I'm sure she'll feel it dreadfully."

"How feel it dreadfully, Minnie? What do you mean?" asked Alice.

"Why, I mean that Cousin Douglas has been the beginning and end of all things to her, ever since she can remember. Just think, every bit of pleasure and interest in her life outside school came from him for all those years! He was the only person in the world who cared about her. When the other girls talked about their people and their homes, she had only Douglas. When the other girls had letters from their brothers and sisters, and aunts and people—besides their fathers and mothers, of course—she had only that one letter regularly every week from Douglas. She could not remember her father in the least; and she has told me often that, just before Douglas came home the first time, she had forgotten what he was like, and only remembered the feeling of comfort and protection he gave her when she was crying, poor mite, for her father. She made a kind of hero of him; and then, when he actually came, and was quite as kind and good as she had pictured him, she just worshipped him. And she has done it ever since. Mother, I can't tell you how she feels about him, and how she has looked forward for years to the time when, as she says, 'we shall go home together, and I shall take care of him.' Oh, poor little Margery!"

Minnie's voice trembled, and she rose hastily and walked to the window. Mrs. Downing followed her with troubled eyes, and picked up the letter, which she had let fall, with a sigh.

"Well, dear," she said, "we can only hope that it will all smooth itself out in time. After all, it is a most natural thing to have happened. You see, evidently your cousin doesn't think it will distress her, as he wishes to tell her himself. Perhaps he knows her much better than we do."

"Better than we do! Better than I do! Mother, a man! Is it likely!"

Mrs. Downing smiled slightly at the scorn of eighteen for the male comprehension; but her smile ended in another little sigh, as she reflected that in this case Minnie was probably right. She evaded the question, saying:

"You will be very careful, won't you, my dear, not to breathe a word of this. Perhaps I ought to have not told you; but I felt so startled. Besides, I want Margery to be alone when Douglas comes on Friday. It will be better that he should tell her at once—and you know it is not easy to get the children away from her now that the holidays are going on—so I thought it better to tell you two; and now you must help me to manage it. Where is she now?"

Minnie did not seem to hear; she was still standing at the window, apparently lost in thought. Alice Fordholm answered with a smile:

"She went for a walk with Elsie and Will, I think."

"Ah," said Mrs. Fordholm, "with Will!"

Then, going up to Minnie, she put her hand under the girl's chin, and, turning the face towards her, looked into it for an instant.

There was a suspicious brightness about the eyes, and her mother kissed her tenderly, saying:

"Don't distress yourself, my child. I dare say things will turn out better than you think."

Then, as Minnie kissed her without speaking, she added:

"Now you must go, dears, or you will be late for dinner."

The subject of this discussion and anxiety was, meanwhile, walking up and down a quiet path in Kensington Gardens, apparently untroubled by a care.

She was a little thing, short, and slenderly built, and nobody had ever called Margery Venner a pretty girl. Will Downing maintained that she had the loveliest eyes in the world; and they and the curly, dark-brown hair constituted her solitary good points.

It was not that her eyes were very large, or very extraordinary as to color, but they were such good eyes, so true, and so frank; and the youngest Downing child, a little boy of seven, had hardly deserved the derision with which his observations had been received by an audience of brothers and sisters, when he one day remarked that "Margery's eyes was just like Jack's"—Jack being a much beloved collie dog. When Margery's face was in repose, her eyes and Jack's certainly had a certain wistful, faithful expression in common.

For the rest of her face, her mouth was large, and generally laughing; her nose was too short, her complexion too dark; and yet, as the boys said of her, she had "a regularly jolly face, and she was jolly altogether."

She was walking with a boy, or, rather, a young man—who looked about her own age, although he was really some years older—and his twinkling blue eyes were fixed on her with an expression of devotion which contrasted oddly enough with his freckled, boyish features."

She was chattering to him very merrily, stopping now and then to look after the little girl who was playing most happily on the grass a little way off; but his answers were so few and far between, and so exceedingly pointless, that at last she said:

"I think you are rather stupid to-night, Will. You have said nothing but 'yes' and 'no' for ever so long, and generally in the wrong places. It is getting a trifle monotonous."

Then, seeing how unusually serious was the face into which she saucily looked up, she added:

"There is nothing the matter, is there Willie?"

He did not answer her, but paused in his walk, and, pulling off his hat, disclosing a head covered with very stiff, tightly-curling yellow hair, began to fan himself violently. She stood watching him with much surprise, until he began:

"I say, Margery, do you know why I asked you to come for a walk to-night?"

"There is something the matter, then!" she exclaimed.

Then, as the little girl ran up to her, she said:

"Run and play again, Elsie darling. You do not want to go home yet, do you? Yes, I'll come; run along."

Elsie trotted off again quite happily, and she continued:

"Can I help you, Will? Do tell me right away?"

"It isn't anything wrong, Margery. It's—it's something I want to ask you. May I?"

"May you? Why, of course you may. What is it?"

"Well, Margery, it's—it's—— Margery, I've been wanting to say this to you for ever so many days, and I'm so afraid you'll laugh at me—you do laugh at a fellow, you know. But I must say it—I—it's just choking me all the time. I say, Margery, you are far and away the nicest girl I ever saw. Margery, I love you most awfully; I can't tell you how much—I can't put it properly a bit. I want you to say you'll—you'll marry me."

"Marry you! Marry—you!"

She was still looking up into his face; and the expression of wonder with which she had listened to him, as she began to speak, had changed into a look of the blankest amazement as she literally gaped out the words.

Then a little twinkle crept into her eyes, and, as he saw it, he put out his arm and caught her hand in his.

"Don't Margery," he cried, and his voice seemed to lose its boyishness, and to grow deep and manly; "for Heaven's sake don't laugh at a fellow. You think I'm only a boy because I fool about, and I've larked with you as if we were a couple of babies; but we're not, you know, really, and this isn't play. Margery, I love you, dear. Can't you see that I'm in earnest?"

They looked at one another for a moment—he with his young face pale and eager, and looking for the moment much older than his years; she with the surprise and the twinkle gradually dying out, and leaving a looking of pitying consternation. Then she put her other hand on his with a little sympathetic gesture.

"Oh, Will;" she said, "Oh, Will, I am so sorry."

"Sorry," he repeated quickly, "Margery, don't say that! You—you like me, don't you!"

"Oh yes; oh yes; I like you all; and I like you particularly, Will. You know what friends we've been. But oh," as he made a movement towards her, "that's why I'm so sorry. I never thought of this! It is impossible, Will; it is quite impossible!"

"Do you mean that you don't love me, and that you never can?"

"I mean—in that way—yes, I mean that, Willie."

He was only a boy of one-and-twenty; but he took the blow better than many an older man would have done.

He dropped her hands, and, turning away, covered his face for a moment. It was only for a moment, though, and he spoke again almost directly in a low stifled voice:

"Of course, I have no business to ask, but will you tell me if—if there's another fellow?"

"Another fellow?"

"Yes that you care about."

"No, no; oh no," she cried. "How can you think so? I belong to—to Douglas Hollis. I am to take care of his new home. I shall never marry, of course. How could I?"

CHAPTER II.

TWO days later, Margery found herself, with the exception of servants, in solitary possession of the Downings' large house. Mrs. Downing's anxiety that Douglas Hollis should be able to have a peaceful tete-a-tete with his ward, had been so energetically seconded by Minnie and Alice Fordholm, that the result was the creation of a kind of desert, and a most unusual hush from the top of the house to the bottom.

Margery had been rather surprised at first to find that the entire family had important business, which must take them out all the afternoon of the very day on which her guardian was expected to arrive, and that, in fact, no one but herself would be left to receive him; but after wondering to herself for a little while, it occurred to her that they probably thought that she would like a nice, quiet talk with him—he must have so much to tell her about his house-hunting—and that they really were the kindest and most considerate people in the world.

Mrs. Downing's anxiety, however, had cleared the house by two o'clock, and as Douglas Hollis was not expected until four.

Margery began to wish, after an hour of solitude, that she had some one to talk to. There was something rather awful about the thought of the great empty house, and when once the idea entered her head, she could not shake off the impression it made upon her.

Perhaps it was because she was so little used to solitude that the silence seemed to weigh on her spirits and depress her. She grew restless and wandered from room to room, standing at the various windows and gazing out as if by some chance her guardian might appear sooner than she knew was really possible.

"I wonder what is the matter with me?" she said to herself, at last. "I feel quite creepy, as if something dreadful was going to happen instead of the nicest thing in the world. I must be a baby if I get like this just because I'm left alone for an hour. How Will would laugh! Ah, poor Will! I'll go down to the drawing-room and practise, and see if that will cheer me up. I've actually got the blues."

She certainly was not quite herself, for, although she picked out her brightest little songs, she could not get on; and by and-by she took out a book of plaintive Irish melodies.

They were quite out of her line as a rule: but to-day the foreboding, prophetic wail in them seemed to suit her better, and half an hour later she was singing away with all her heart, and had even forgotten to look at her watch every two minutes to see how soon it would be five minutes to four, when she meant to go to the window to watch for Douglas's cab.

The drawing-room was a double room, divided by heavy plush curtains, only one of which was looped back, so that, absorbed as she was, she did not hear the door open at about ten minutes past four, or notice that a man had crossed the room, and was standing by the curtain, listening and watching her.

He was a man of about one or two-and-thirty, not above middle height, but well-proportioned and soldier-looking, with a bronzed face, chestnut hair, and bright grey eyes.

His mouth was firm and kind, the smile with which he looked at the unconscious girl was very pleasant to see.

He stood there, quietly, and the plaintive little voice sang on until something seemed to disturb her. She suddenly stopped, and suddenly turned her head towards him. Then he advanced, with a "Well, little one!"

"Douglas," she cried, as she sprang up, the color rushing into her cheeks, "oh, Douglas, dear, I never heard you come in. Have you been there long? Oh, I'm so glad to see you."

She was her bright, merry self again at once, and, as she made him sit down and poured out questions as to his journey and explanations of her solitude, it was difficult to believe that this was the same Margery who had made such melancholy music a few moments before.

Then feeling that something dreadful was going to happen had all gone now; something had happened—the most delicious something!

Douglas had come.

"And now," she said at last, "tell me about the houses. Have you found anything nice, and when will you take me to see it?"

She had thrown herself into a large, low chair, and curled herself up as she was fond of doing when she settled down for a chat, "just like a little rough terrier," Will had told her once.

He did not answer her at once, and she added:

"I suppose you have found something very excellent, as you have taken so long over it?"

He rose and walked to the window, perhaps to hide the color that had flushed into his brown face, and then, with a rather embarrassed laugh, he said:

"Yes, oh yes, I think I have found something."

"And is it very jolly?"

"Yes. At least I think—it—is very jolly!"

"Where is it?"

"It———"

He stopped abruptly, and crossing the room, with a few, hasty strides, stood over her chair.

"Look here, little one," he said, "I've got something to tell you. I wanted to tell you myself, because I want you to understand that it doesn't make the least difference. You are my little one just the same, as long as you want a guardian. I didn't know I should feel such a—such an idiot over it, though."

He paused, and another wave of hot color swept across his face as Margery pulled herself up and, resting her chin on the back of her chair, looked up wonderingly into his face.

"What can it be?" she said. "Why, Douglas, Douglas, you are blushing, actually blushing. What kind of a house can it be?"

"It—it isn't a house, Margery. I haven't seen any houses. I've been at Ventnor all the time."

"You've been at Ventnor all the time! Douglas, what a shame! And what have you been doing there, pray, sir? What is it you have found?"

He walked away from her again and became deeply interested in a bowl of roses standing on the table a little way off. With his face almost buried in their soft fragrance he said, so low that she could hardly catch the words:

"A wife!"

He waited a moment, as if he expected an answer. Indeed he had thought it more than likely that his first embarrassed confession would be received with a burst of laughter.

But Margery neither moved nor spoke. The little figure seemed to stiffen into marble; the muscles of the expressive face were rigid; her color was gone; and the pretty, brown eyes gazed blankly out into space.

He did not look round at her, and, having broken the ice, went on much more easily.

"I met her at Ventnor, when I went there two months ago. Her name is Estelle Humpherys, and she is—well, there, it's of no use for me to try and tell you what she is. How she ever got to love me I don't know—she's so clever and so beautiful. But she does love me, Margery, and I—I worship her."

His voice sank as he spoke the last words; and the little hands on the back of the chair tightened their clutch. Still she did not move or speak; but, once started, he was too full of his subject to notice her silence.

"She hasn't any people of her own to speak of," he continued; "only an old aunt, and I've told her about you, Margery, and she's longing to see you. I thought I hadn't a chance, though I loved her from the first moment I saw her; but at last I felt that I must ask her, and one evening out on the cliffs—— Oh, Margery, I am the happiest man alive, and that's another reason why I wanted to tell you myself, because I know you care about me, little one, and what make me happy will make you happy too. Wish me joy, little one, wish me joy!"

He came towards her with outstretched hands, and slowly, stiffly, as if each movement was made by a distinct effort of will, she rose to her feet.

She was very white, even to her lips, and her eyes looked straight before her with a fixed, far away gaze.

But her face and voice were steady, though the latter was low and a little weak as she put her hands in his and said:

"I wish you joy, Douglas, from the bottom of my heart."

Her face was in shadow, and he had not noticed her expression; but the touch of her icy cold hands startled him.

"Little one," he said, "how cold you are! Why, do you care so much that I am so happy? That is good of you. Well now it is out, let us sit down together again and talk comfortably; I've heaps and heaps to tell you. And first of all, Margery, though I know it will be a long time before you begin to think of this as it affects yourself, I want to tell you that it will never make the least difference, never the very least. Do you understand?"

She lifted her eyes, dark with pain, and looked at him for a moment with a wistful little smile.

"Yes," she said, gently. "Yes, Douglas, I understand."

"Then that's all right," he said; "and now I can tell you all about Estelle and all about our plans. Estelle thinks she would like a place somewhere in the country. I hope by next spring we shall be settled there all together. Of course you will be with us, Margery?"

He had drawn her down on to a sofa beside her; she was quite passive under his touch, and listened quietly, perhaps a little unComprehendsively, her eyes on the ground, until he spoke the last words. Then she started violently, and lifted her eyes to his face with something in them that was almost horror.

"I!" she said, "I live with you there! Oh no, no, Douglas."

"Why little one," he said, looking at her with surprise. "What do you mean? Of course you'll to live with us. Didn't I tell you it would make no difference? You said you understood. And Estelle is so glad to think of having you. She might be dull, you know, with only me. Of course my little one comes home with us. Why, you have always meant to 'take care' of me when you grew up, and now you will have two of us to take care of. You must help me to take care of my wife."

She put her hand to her head, as he finished speaking, with a gesture of half pain, half of confusion.

The startled and half horrified expression died out of her eyes, and she dropped them again, saying very slowly:

"Thank you, Douglas."

When Mrs. Downing, Minnie, and Alice Fordholm came together, an hour later, they were all rather nervous, and entered in a body, with an unexpressed feeling that there were safety in numbers.

Douglas Hollis and his ward were still seated on the sofa, and he was still engaged in telling her the history of his last two months, and drawing glowing pictures of the future.

She was sitting very quietly, not in one of her usually curled up attitudes, and her manner, as she drew him on when he halted in his talk, was rather grave and subdued; but that, as Mrs. Downing observed to Minnie, when she had gone to bed that evening, was only natural for him.

All the evening she was the same—ready with her word and laugh when called upon; interested in all that was going on; but something about her which only Will observed, and which, even to him, was masked and incomprehensible.

There seemed to be something mechanical in her speech and manner; a look in her eyes as if she were listening to other words than those passing round her.

Bedtime came in the course of time; the usual gossip with Minnie and Alice Fordholm was over; they had wished her good-night, and shut her door.

She stood for a moment in the middle of the room, where they had left her, and then, lifting both hands to her head, she pushed back the curly hair from her forehead, and looked slowly round the room with a long sigh of relief.

She was alone at last! No one would speak to her; she need not think of her words or looks; she might attend to the thoughts that had been pressing so importunately upon her; she might try to understand.

Her hands fell again, and almost unconsciously she walked across the room and sat down on an ottoman at the foot of the bed, leaning her hot forehead against the iron railing. The relief brought by the knowledge that she was alone, that the peaceful night was before her, was so great for the moment she did not even think; she only sat there and rested in the consciousness that the tension was relaxed. Gradually, however, her attitude changed. The hands were strained together, the head slipped lower and lower, as the question she had been refusing all the evening to listen to beat upon her brain and forced her to answer.

What did it mean? What did it mean? Why had she felt as if Douglas had killed her, when he had told her that he had found a wife? A wife would make him happier, of course. Why had she never thought of that before, when she wanted him so much to be happy. What was it that had hurt her so?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It was a touching story which the late Lord Shaftesbury told of some of the greatest roughs in the East End of London. A young clergyman in one of the most wretched parishes had asked his advice as to how to deal with the terrible human vice and misery of the place. Lord Shaftesbury had counselled him to begin by establishing a ragged school, and had at the same time furnished the necessary funds. The school met with immediate success, but it was impossible, in spite of the vicar's efforts, to induce the people to come to church, and the young clergyman finally resolved to meet them by preaching in the open air.

He selected one of the worst courts, and had the benches from the school taken there for his hearers to sit upon, but was dismayed when he came upon the scene to see the front row occupied by a number of the most notorious roughs of the neighborhood, who, he thought, had come to break up the services. To his surprise, however, everything went off quietly, and when the services were over he stepped up to the leader of the gang, told him he had not expected to see him there, though he was was very glad to welcome him, and asked what had brought him. The man said:

"Well, sir, you've been very good to our little kids, so I said to my mates, 'Parson's going to preach in —— court on Sunday night; it's a roughish place; let's go and see fair play.' That's what brought us."

It was some Portuguese sovereign who issued an edict that no widow should marry again after attaining her fiftieth year, because it was argued in this said document that in most cases ladies arrived at such mature years wedded young spendthrifts who only married them for their fortune.

A lobster never comes ashore without great risk of getting into hot water.

Scientific and Useful.

For Holes in Wood.—Fine sawdust, mixed into a thick paste with glue, will be found an excellent material for filling up nailholes and broken places in wood.

An Elastic Wheel.—An elastic wheel, free from the objections of a rubber tire, which soon wears out, has been introduced. The india-rubber is in this case placed round the nave in the form of a ring, with apertures in it on which the spokes abut. The effect of the ring is that of a cushion or soft buffer, which prevents jarring.

An Automatic Nail-Maker.—An automatic machine for making horse-shoe nails has recently been brought out. Wire is coiled on a reel on the top of the machine, which cuts off, stamps, points and heads the nails without any hand assistance whatever. The receiving box only contains perfect nails, for if there is any hitch in the working the machine stops of itself, and points out by means of an index where the fault occurs. A few moments only are required to remove the offending nail, and the machine starts again.

The Latest in Leather.—Leather is used a great deal this season in the manufacture of buttons, particularly of the large coat and cloak buttons. The leather is prepared in about the same way as it is for nail heads, and the buttons have much the same appearance. They are hard, smooth, and highly polished, in some instances being prettily carved or stamped, studded with steels, etc. Unless one was told of what these handsome buttons were made, leather is the last material that would be guessed. They look more like rubber or ivory. They are made in all the new fall shades, shapes and sizes, and give promise of being popular.

The Nebuliser.—The Nebuliser is a spray apparatus which was designed by a Boston doctor as a ready means for introducing any liquid remedy direct to the lungs and lower air-passages. This is accomplished by means of a containing vessel to which is attached an india-rubber bulb, upon squeezing which the liquid within the vessel is discharged from a tube. This tube is held in the mouth while the operation is going foward, and the finely divided liquid, in the form of spray, is drawn into the lungs. Any chosen remedy can be readily given in this manner, and the method has already been found effectual in many instances.

Farm and Garden.

Drains.—Open all drains before the snow comes. The facility with which the water can pass off will regulate the amount of slush and mud when the snow melts.

Insects.—Piles of brush or stubble afford harboring places for the insects, and they can be better destroyed by burning such material early than to delay it until the ground is frozen.

Storing the Tools.—No farm is complete without a good house to store the implements in, and no farmer understands his business that does not store his implements when they are not in use.

Winter Protection. — Evergreen branches make an excellent winter protection for many plants, and they are often useful to hold down forest leaves and prevent the wind from carrying them off.

The Fall.—Garden preparations should really begin in the fall. Gardens, as a rule, contain more weeds than any other plot on the farm. They should be mowed down, raked off and burned. The plot should then be plowed, to remain in the rough condition for the frost to penetrate. It will render the cultivation easier in the spring.

Fruit Trees.—Fruit trees cannot thrive on all kinds of exhausted soil. The trees will make a growth of leaves and wood on poor land, but they require mineral manure to perfect the fruit. Land that has been too rough for plowing may yet have spaces between the rocks where fruit trees will thrive, and is better than land that has been exhausted by long cropping.

Weeds.—It is well for the farmer to study the character of the weeds that grow upon his farm, for without knowledge of their habits he cannot successfully fight them. Each section of country has its weeds which are injurious to farm crops, and these weeds commonly differ in different localities, though some of them appear to be common to all. In weed destruction there is need of associated effort in every community in order to accomplish anything.

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 9, 1895.

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Day Dreams.

Here at least is a haven of refuge where a man may wander at will without fear of interruption, and with no other critic than himself to deal gently with the flights of fancy in which he may indulge at pleasure.

Indeed, there is no limit but his own imagination to check the magnitude of his thoughts and the execution of his vast designs.

Does he wish to assume regal honor? In a moment he is clothed with imperial purple, and surrounded by the wisest men of the age, who gratefully pay tribute to his greatness and munificence.

Statesmen involuntarily consent to be guided by his intellect, and express no sense of wounded pride in that they are the learners and he the dictator of wisdom.

A court filled with learning and wit obeys his slightest behest; while women of peerless beauty and virtue minister to his wants with a grace that Diana herself might envy, and which the less favored of mankind sigh in vain to obtain.

Untold wealth surrounds him with a lustre that only serves as a foil to the magnificent scene; while jewels of a king's ransom lend their beauty to deck the path of the all good and great king, whose greatest happiness lies in the content of his people and the prosperity of his country.

Wearied of such splendid inaction, the sceptre of the throne is immediately changed for the baton of a general, who commands armies which carry all before them, and whose strongest passion is love for their commander.

Campaigns are commenced and concluded in a breath, and fresh laurels added to his brow, already adorned with innumerable trophies of war.

Captives bow down before him in thousands; and the haughty oppressor bends the neck that has hitherto been held in proud disdain against the world, till subdued and conquered by superior strength and sagacity.

Besieged towns hold out their arms at his approach; and the thunder of his cannon strikes terror into the heart of the tyrannical autocrat, while giving assurance of his protection to the weak and oppressed.

In less time than the words are written, triumphal arches rise from the ground; and surrounded by his victorious troops, he passes through the midst of the grateful thousands who assemble to do him honor, and who, breathing blessings on every side, add their presence to a scene which causes the triumphs of the Roman generals to fade into utter insignificance by comparison.

Again the scene is changed, and he is the greatest philanthropist that the world has ever seen.

Prison doors open at his approach, and the wretched inmates fall down in gratitude at the feet of their deliverer, who has inaugurated the reign of mercy and kindness in the place of harsh severity and labor.

Out of the midst of poverty and wretchedness arises like magic a scene of cleanliness and beauty; and where hitherto have been but squalid misery and vice, in a moment is now a scene peopled with happy spirits of content and virtue.

Well-built and prettily designed cottages supply the place of the fever stricken dens that in the immediate past were the homes of thousands who could afford no other.

Sallow cheeks, stooping shoulders and stunted growths are replaced by ruddy faces and stalwart frames; while scowls give place to smiles of self respect, now one of the chief movers in the regenerating influence which, from being but individual has at once become universal.

The inmates of the crowded cities grow young once more in the enjoyment of fresh air and green fields; while the children regain the roses of health and happiness amongst the sweet smelling hay and flowers which grow around them.

Factories and workshops are compelled to provide for the comfort and health of those who work within their walls, and to close at a reasonable hour, under heavy penal laws, which protect the interests of the weak while dealing fairly with the employer; and the disgraceful practice of shutting up young children in close rooms where the seeds of disease and early death were formerly sown broadcast, is now happily looked upon as a barbarity of a former age, which foolishly sacrificed the strength of future generations to a misplaced and selfish greed of gain to itself.

These are only a few of the delights which the creative genius of Fancy calls to life and action, and in a few moments places the dreamer in the centre of a panorama which is called into existence solely for his pleasure, and of which he is at once the artist and admirer.

Lying carelessly back in the well worn armchair in an attitude in which comfort defies appearances, the dreamer can summon at will pictures of the brightest and most variable hue, changing from grave to gay at his pleasure; in one moment filled with the quaintest humor; while in the next, by an easy and natural transition, surrounded by a pathos which brings tears into the eyes in unconscious acknowledgement of the truth of the picture.

And for all this there is needed only the hour of twilight and quietness to call to life more joys than an emperor can purchase with gold, and more delights than are pictured in the fairy tales of youth and childhood.

WHAT a mercy it is that no one ever sincerely desires to know the state of his own soul in vain! In the pursuit of all other knowledge our motives may be too arrogant and selfish to be gratified; but in this, the deeper the research the more we are humbled, and consequently the better prepared to receive the desired instruction.

IT is seldom that a man's true character can be taken from himself; for, as self knowledge is seldom acquired but by mortification and repentance, few pass so perfectly through this humbling process as to have neither too high nor too low an opinion of themselves.

THAT benevolence of an humble mind may be compared to a rivulet in a meadow, which, though it glides along unseen and without noise, refreshes and fertilizes the soil, leaving it to display the benefit received by its increased verdure and fruitfulness.

THOUGH complaisance cannot be dispensed with in our intercourse with each other without increasing the disorders of society, yet if that branch of good manners be not the effect of religion, it may be the cover of base and injurious designs.

To be truly humble, without valuing ourselves in the least degree upon the acquisition, is an almost unfathomable attainment; for the moment we judge of it by comparison with another, it leaks out and lets pride in.

PEOPLE are commonly so much employed in pointing out faults in those ahead of them, as to forget that some astern may at the instant be descanting on theirs in a like manner.

WHEN I sit in my house, where there is no gale, and with no ship, and look at a chart out of curiosity, I read it as you sometimes read your Bible. You say, "Here is the headland of depravity, and there is a lighthouse—'Born again;' and here is the channel of duty." And yet every one has charge of a ship—the human soul. Evil passions are fierce winds that are driving it. This Bible is God's chart for us to steer by, to keep us from the bottom of the sea, and to show us where the harbor is and how to reach it without running on rocks or bars. It is the book of life; it is the book of everlasting life; so take heed how you read it. In reading it, see that you have the truth, and not the mere semblance of it. You cannot live without it. You die for ever unless you have it to teach you what are your relations to God and eternity. May God guide you away from all cunning appearances of truth set to deceive men, and make you love the real truth! Above all other things, may God make you honest in interpreting it, and applying it to your daily life and disposition.

NOTHING is so degrading to our nature, so well calculated to divest man of all nobility of soul, as the skepticism which questions his future existence—the infidelity which consigns the hope of immortality to the grave.

IT would be some check to self-confidence if every one who differs in opinion with another would calmly consider that as two contraries cannot both be true, possibly he may be wrong and his opponent right.

IT is the nature of pride to expose what is likely to increase its own reputation, and conceal its defects; but true humility is willing to appear what it is, and is more afraid of being over than under rated.

THAT kind of independence which is derived from wealth is contingent, forced and fallacious; while that which owes nothing to outward circumstances, leaves its possessor upright, firm and respectable.

THERE is a difference between supposing ourselves to be, and pretending to be, what we are not. The one may be the error of inexperience, or at most self conceit; the other is hypocrisy.

WERE we as vigilant against the approaches of evil in ourselves as we usually are against the errors of others, there would certainly be much more harmony and peace in the world.

To maintain and publish our own sentiments, and yet take offense at others for doing the same thing, is no proof of the goodness of our cause, but rather of our pride and intolerance.

A REAL seeker after truth disguises nothing; he is therefore not offended at a detection of error, even in himself; because he knows that if truth be gained he shall partake of the benefit.

LEVITY of behavior invites licentiousness, and sometimes exposes the parties to more disreputable suspicions than they are aware of, or perhaps than they deserve.

A PERSON of a truly liberal mind is equally pleased with the discovery of truth in another as in himself, and this shows the uniting effect of that precious principle.

IT seems morally impossible for a person to have a right apprehension of the state of others without being first humbled into a sense of his own.

ADVERSITY often affords us more pleasure on retrospection than prosperity. The reason may be that it is more salutary to the mind.

WE easily believe what we wish; but we have a wonderful facility in raising doubts against those duties which thwart our inclinations.

AN affectation is a sprout of insincerity that may grow into hypocrisy, it should be always discouraged and nipped in the bud.

WHEN a man is afraid of looking into the state of his own concerns, they generally stand most in need of inspection.

The World's Happenings.

Russia has 3,500 beggars.

Violet is the color for mourning goods among the Turks.

The British Empire covers an area of 8,961,130 square miles.

At Sheepshead Bay, L. I., there is a burial ground for noted horses.

An Ohio man has sued a wealthy widow for breach of promise of marriage.

The late Henry Westover, coachman to the Prince of Wales, left over $40,000.

Mr. Ostermeyer, of St. Louis, paid $1.60 for a case of spoiled eggs at an express auction.

A pall bearer at a funeral in Dorset, Vt., dropped dead while standing at the grave.

A farmer in Brooke county, W. Va., uses a pocketbook that his father and grandfather carried.

A citizen of Wellsville, O., now 74 years old, boasts that he has never paid a cent to a lawyer or doctor.

Recently a San Francisco man, while laughing heartily at a joke he had cracked, fell to the floor dead.

It is said that nearly five million persons in the United States depend for their living on the sale of liquor and tobacco.

The Queen of Greece is a beautiful swimmer. The Queen of Portugal is another, and loves to dash amid tumultuous breakers.

One hundred and seventy-five million cells are in the lungs, which would cover a surface of 30 times greater than the human body.

The heart sends nearly 10 pounds of blood through the veins and arteries each beat, and makes four beats while we breathe once.

Twisted straw rope makes the best covering for climbing roses and clematis, where they have to be protected through the winter.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute; in manhood, 80; at 60 years, 60. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

A Western editor apologizes for the lateness of his paper by saying: "We were unable to give proper attention to work owing to our wives' illness."

Female pall bearers were a feature of the funeral of a colored man at Augusta, Ga. But one man was present at the funeral—the sexton of the cemetery.

There are 80,000,000 spindles in the world to keep the people clothed. Of these, Great Britain has 42,000,000; Europe, 22,500,000; the United States, 15,000,000.

A dog, which had been lost for 16 months, recently walked into its old master's home in Logan, O. It is a mystery where the brute was during its absence.

A Wheeling, W. Va., youth was engaged to four girls at the same time. All found it out, and now he isn't engaged at all—not even in a breach of promise suit.

Hammerfest, perhaps the northernmost habitation in Europe, is about to adopt electricity to illuminate her streets. The town is in the Polar Circle, and darkness prevails there 3 months out of the 12.

A playful dog at Battle Creek, Mich., carried several brands from a burning brush pile into some straw stacks, and the fire resulting destroyed the stacks, a barn and residence, involving a loss of $6,000.

Within the last two months there has been a brisk demand in the Southwest for Confederate greenbacks and bills of defunct State banks. They are mostly used by travelers to hand over to train robbers.

The name "Johnny cake" is said to be derived from "Journey-cake," because emigrants journeying from New England to the West were obliged to bake their Indian-meal cakes in the ashes of their camp-fires.

A cherry tree at Clarksville, Tenn., is reported to shed drops of water continuously. It is located about three feet from a wall, but none of the roots are visible in the curbing. The tree bears large crops of fine cherries.

A young farmer and his best girl, living in Tyler county, W. Va., have established a code of signals whereby they communicate with one another when both are at home. Their abodes are on opposite hilltops, nearly two miles apart.

For 28 years Joe McKinsey, of Silver Creek, has owned two mares which were half-sisters and were marked just alike. They were both killed by the same stroke of lightning recently, and after their 28 years of service together rested in the same grave.

A West Virginia man, who was a raving maniac for six years, was discharged as cured from the hospital a few days ago, and the first thing he did on gaining his liberty was to start off for a gallon of applejack, which he buried when he saw the officers coming to arrest him in 1891. He found the applejack exactly where he had secreted it.

The mother of a 4 months old baby was scratched on the arm by a rooster's spur, at New Castle, Lawrence county, this State, recently. The wound seemed slight, but in a day or two the child was taken ill and died with symptoms of blood poisoning. About the same time the mother's arm began to swell, and she is now in a dangerous condition. It is supposed that the child, through nursing, had become inoculated with the poison.

The Empress of Germany, on her recent visit to Dresden, wore an ornament which attracted universal admiration. This was the clasp that Napoleon I. wore in his hat at Waterloo, and which was seized as booty by a Prussian Hussar regiment. Frederick William III. bought the jewel from the regiment. It consists of a circle of brilliants, which form the center of the clasp, and two side pieces, the whole ending in a ribbon of brilliants.

OH, BEATING WAVES!

BY ELIZABETH CRAWFORD.

Oh, stars, that tremble with soft silvery light
In heaven's deep blue,
Look down upon my love where'er he be to-night,
My love so true.

Oh, whispering winds, that woo in murmurs low
The bending trees;
Oh, bring me from my true love words and kisses sweet
Across the starlit seas.

Oh, beating waves, that, like my throbbing heart,
Are ne'er at rest,
Bring back my darling soon to me that I may lean
Upon his breast.

Out of Her Element.

BY MRS HOUSTOUN.

"MUST I really go? Oh, father dear, if they could but guess how intensely I dislike it, they would leave off being so over-civil."

"But, my child," remonstrates Colonel Anstruther, whose pretty daughter, Cecil, has been cordially invited to spend, with himself, a week in the castle of some very great people indeed, "why is it that you so dislike the idea of passing Christmas with Lord and Lady Conway? She is so pretty—speaks so kindly——"

"Yes, and is not really a bit kind. She is pretty, and of course you, and every man who sees her, believes in her, but I don't, and that makes all the difference. If it were only the way in which they treated the poor O'Donnells, I should dislike them. Last year they accepted all sorts of civilities from those people—used their house as an inn, and drove about in their carriages, etc., and this year when of course Mrs. O'Donnell would have been not a little proud to be treated by Lord and Lady Conway as old acquaintances they were ignored by them, as you know, altogether."

"The way of the world, my dear, and I am afraid it is too old a world to be altered now. The O'Donnells are rich people and go to London in the season; it was probably therefore the fear of meeting them there which caused them to be tabooed by the Conways here."

Cecil shrugs her pretty shoulders contemptuously. She is a quick-witted girl, and perfectly understands why she and her father have been invited to Dolwyddyn Castle, and that reason is far from gratifying to her pride.

Lord Conway had been during two months of the past summer greatly indebted for many acts of kindness to Colonel Anstruther.

The former, owing to a variety of causes into which it is not necessary to enter, would have found it next to impossible for either himself or his family to remain the inmates of a certain fishing lodge for which an exorbitant price had been paid, had not Colonel Anstruther come, and that with hearty good-will, to the rescue.

By his assistance the children were provided with sure-footed mountain ponies, the colonel's own boats and boatmen were put into requisition, and when the first of August shone bright and cloudless on the Irish moors, the earl, who held at that time high office under Government, was made welcome to the best grouse shooting which those moors afforded.

Now Colonel Anstruther being a member of a distinguished English family, neither Lord nor Lady Conway were afraid of committing themselves by inviting him and his pretty daughter to spend Christmas at their castle; but the colonel declined from the first the intended honor.

He was a high-minded man, and having perceived that the invitation was intended by its donors as payment for acts of kindness which had simply given him pleasure to perform, he had made pressing business an excuse for not absenting himself from his home.

But he had accepted for Cecil. He was proud of his daughter's beauty, and very unwilling that she should waste the sweetness of that beauty on the desert air of the Connemara mountains.

"You must go, dear. I cannot let you off," he said. "These people want the satisfaction of thinking that they have thrown, or rather will throw, from off their shoulders the burden of obligation, and it is not for us to deprive them of the belief that, by introducing you to the glories of Dolwyddyn Castle, they have made all square between us. You will have Martha with you, of course——"

"Oh, father. Martha who is so old, and looks so unlike a lady's maid! I would far rather have nobody."

"Impossible! You are too young to travel alone," and Cecil, judging from the tone of her father's reply that further remonstrance was useless, unwillingly set about the preparations for her departure.

Martha, who had been instructed to give her name on her arrival in the housekeeper's room as Mrs. Franks, was an old maid of the most pronounced type.

Her dislike to the expedition which she was doomed to undertake rivalled that of her young mistress.

She hated being what she called "put out of her way," and the hurried making up by her for "Miss Cecil" of sundry ill fitting dresses had so little tended to improve her temper that the girl, occupying as she did a first-class compartment with this harsh-seeming specimen of her sex, longed more than ever for the companionship and protection of her fine soldierlike-looking father, whose very presence would, she felt, give her courage in the new world to which she was about to be introduced.

There was in the compartment occupied by these two women only one other passenger—a gentleman, and a good-looking one.

Moreover the said passenger appeared to possess a sufficiency of this world's goods, for his carriage rug was fur-lined, and once, when he had occasion to open his traveling bag, the sheen of silver-mounted toilet utensils made itself apparent.

He was very polite, offering the choice of his newspapers and periodicals to the young lady opposite, and consulting her convenience in the important matters of window shutting and opening.

On arriving at the terminus station of R——, at which town the passengers for the castle were to descend, Cecil, in ignorance of the custom that a large and luxurious omnibus would be in readiness to convey the guests to their destination, requested Martha, alias Mrs. Franks, to summon a fly for their use and that of the modest luggage, which was safely arranged upon its roof.

It wanted but two days to Christmas and the hour was six p.m., nevertheless with snow lying thickly on the ground and a full moon shining coldly bright overhead, the shabbiness of the vehicle in which Cecil and her uncongenial companion were being slowly driven through the splendid park of Dolwyddyn, was only too plainly visible.

Suddenly the lights—innumerable as they appeared to Cecil—of the castle windows burst upon her view, and the girl, making a futile effort to arrange (mirrorless as she was, and with Martha too hopelessly out of humor to render her any assistance) the suspected obliquity of her head gear, felt her shyness increase as the dreadful moment of arrival came nearer and more near.

And yet here was not a nature to be unduly impressed with the importance of rank and wealth.

Amongst her own relations there were not a few whose position in life had rendered the titles of the nobility familiar to her as household words, and as regarded Lord and Lady Conway in especial, she had become of necessity intimately acquainted with those highly-favored specimens of the English aristocracy.

Nevertheless as the station cabman—more accustomed than was his fare to the castle ways—passed the grand stone portico at which the more distinguished guests had been set down, and pulled up before one of far humbler appearance, Cecil felt disagreeably alive to the fact that the inferiority of her equipage was the cause of its relegation to what was too evidently a "back door."

The journey from her home had been both a long and fatiguing one, and the tired girl would have been thankful for permission to retire at once for temporary rest to the room which had been prepared for her.

No such good fortune, however, awaited her, but instead, she was conducted along sundry intricate passages to a room brilliantly lighted, and through the door of which, when it was opened for her ingress, a perfect babel of voices, as it appeared to Cecil, made itself apparent.

Of these some were shrill and piercing, others soft and low, whilst not a few, deeper and more mellow, proclaimed the presence of the stronger sex.

Round a tea table brilliant with plate and priceless porcelain, the lately arrived guests were assembled, but on the entrance of the simply-dressed little figure which advanced shyly towards the group, a general silence ensued.

Lady Conway, looking as was her wont, all smiles and prettiness, came forward to welcome Cecil and to express surprise that she had missed the omnibus.

The chattering had now recommenced, so that the hostess of this "palace home" had an opportunity of saying in a slightly lowered voice to her young guest:

"I hope that all these fine people will not make you feel uncomfortable. I shall introduce you to Sir Charles Quintin, who is the most good-natured man imaginable. He will take you under the shadow of his wing, and tell you who everybody is."

The extreme vulgarity of this speech had the effect of putting Cecil on her mettle.

She recognized in the hostess capable of making it, an amount of mental and intellectual inferiority which caused her own claims to moral worth to rise immeasurably in the scale of excellence.

Of this sudden sense of self-importance her new acquaintance, Sir Charles Quintin, reaped the benefit, for the girl, actuated by a desire to hold her own and with her great natural beauty heightened by the carnation hue which anger had called into her cheeks, soon found herself talking with him as naturally and as unreservedly as though he were the parent over whose stay-at-home habits she so pathetically lamented.

Sir Charles, a man whose age was a year or two short of thirty, was well deserving of the praise which Lady Conway had bestowed upon him.

Nature had, however, given him other and worthier gifts than the mere undiscriminating one of surface kindness.

He possessed a keen insight into character; and being a passionate admirer of beauty in all its forms, was naturally more attracted to the object of his possibly fleeting worship when he either perceived or imagined, that here was a case of "Beauty in distress."

From the moment of Miss Anstruther's entrance into the tea room, he had been struck by her rare loveliness, and also by a furtive look in her blue eyes which betrayed the fact that her position as a castle visitor was one which she would not willingly have chosen.

After his introduction to this stranger maiden, and when he had brought her a cup of tea, of which she stood much in need, he speedily discovered he had not erred in his conjecture.

"I begged hard not to come," the girl said, "but my father would not let me off. You see I do not even know these people by name, and they are so different from me in every way."

"Granted, but some of them are nevertheless worth knowing. There is Lord G——, the Minister for Foreign Affairs; the kindest-hearted man—although he did authorize the attack on Alexandria—who ever walked the earth. See, he is looking in our direction now, and is pointing you out to his wife."

"And who is the old lady with the frizzled curls and wonderful dress? I think I have seen portraits of her. She is wonderfully picturesque."

"As well as witty and amusing. She is the most popular person in the world, and that for the simple reason that entertaining as she is and brimful of anecdotes, no one ever heard an unkind word fall from the lips of kindly-natured Lady——."

The conversation thus auspiciously commenced continued till the dressing gong sounded, when Lady Conway led the way to the most luxuriously fitted-up ladies' room which Cecil in her wildest dreams could have conceived.

"I see you have your maid," said the hostess, as Martha, who had been unpacking a business-like looking trunk, dropped an old-fashioned courtesy to the great lady on her entrance; "and pray ring if anything should be wanted."

Left alone with her unwilling attendant, the latter lost no time in detailing her list of grievances.

"The room she occupied was so far away that she was sure she would never find it again. The housekeeper was grander than any countess, while the person who had been so civil in the train was no other than Lord G——'s valet."

"He is much better got up, then, than his master," laughed Cecil, for her merry talk with her new acquaintance had put her in spirits, and she went downstairs trying in vain to remember in which of the late Lord Lytton's works she had read the dictum that "if aristocratic feeling were to vanish elsewhere throughout the land, it would be found in the housekeeper's room of an English lordly mansion."

The remainder—until the day previous to Cecil's departure arrived—of the girl's once dreaded visit passed off very pleasantly.

Sir Charles, as was evident to all save Cecil herself, was every day becoming more and more enamoured of the artless, intelligent girl, whose beauty, together with her lively spirits and absence of selfishness, had won for her golden opinions from all her fellow-guests, except two maiden sisters of a certain age.

The day before the breaking up of the Dolwyddyn party fell on a Sunday. Every one had been to church, and to the excellent luncheon ample justice had been done.

The servants, as was the castle custom, had, soon after the commencement of the meal, left the room, in order the better to enjoy their own roast beef and ale.

Cecil, seated by Sir Charles, was listening to his regrets at the coming separation, and his hopes of one day meeting her again.

He was a good-looking man, broad-shouldered and with a pleasant voice, so it is not surprising that our unsophisticated Cecil should have begun to think of him as "very nice."

Conversation at other parts of the table happened to turn upon wedding presents, and Lady A——, who was an authority upon the subject, produced from her pocket a valuable sapphire and diamond locket which she had received that morning by the post, and which was destined to adorn the throat of a bride-elect of her ladyship's acquaintance.

Having been removed from its satin bed, the ornament was handed for inspection down each side of the long, well filled table, and, as a matter of course, it fell to Cecil's turn to exclaim in terms of eulogy on the beauty and richness of the gift.

"Is it not lovely?" she asked of Sir Charles, as between them they admired the stones, and then (it was the affair of a moment) the precious trinket fell from her hands on (as she and all the company believed), the thickly carpeted floor.

Cecil, with many apologies for the accident, at once drew back her chair, whilst Sir Charles Quintin on one side, and an honorable attache on the other, searched diligently on their knees for the lost locket, but they searched in vain.

"Oh, Lady A——," cried Cecil, as with flushed cheeks and tearful eyes she shook out the rather too well-worn folds of her merino dress, "I am so sorry! Where can it be? It fell out of my hand——"

"Or out of mine," put in Sir Charles, "for we were both examining it together."

"Indeed, no," almost sobbed the girl, "for I have a sort of recollection of its falling, and now it seems gone altogether. Oh, Sir Charles, what shall I do? and oh," breaking down utterly at last, she sobbed out the piteous words, "if it should be lost, it will half kill my father."

"Your father must know nothing about it," was kindly Lady A——'s rejoinder. "The thing isn't worth talking about for a moment," and then, addressing a tall, ungainly-looking man who was seated opposite to her, she added in her shrill, highly-raised treble, "If you have forgotten the two packs of cards and the counters, Lord George, I for one will never forgive you. Think of the hours, seven at least, that we shall be shut up! Ah! Mon Dieu! Go for them, there's a good man, at once," and the marabout feathers in Lady A——'s Parisian bonnet actually quivered with sympathetic excitement as her ladyship dispatched one of her attendant aides de-camp on his all important mission.

If anything could have consoled poor Cecil for the heavy misfortune which had befallen her, it would have been the sympathy and kindness which, with the two exceptions I have before alluded to, were lavished upon the unhappy girl.

"It couldn't be really lost;" "It would certainly be found some day;" "Things did roll away into such undreamt-of places."

Such were amongst the stereotyped forms of consolation with which sixteen compassionate men and women strove to do battle with the really indisputable axiom that "facts are stubborn things;" and Cecil Anstruther's small despairing face, as Lady A——, together with about half a dozen other reckless Sabbath-breakers, bade her a kind "good bye," went far to render nugatory in their minds the aphorism I have quoted.

There were some, indeed, amongst the men, and I need not say that of these Sir Charles was one, who were more inclined to believe in the supernatural than to yield to the opinion that Cecil Anstruther, with her pure child-like face, would either have been guilty of a theft, or was cursed with the disease of kleptomania.

It was with the heaviest heart she had ever known that Colonel Anstruther's pretty daughter looked her last on the magnificent old cedar trees, the branches

of which swept the smoothly-shaven lawns appertaining to Dolwyddyn Castle.

"Horrid place," she said to herself, as with a passionate jerk she drew down the crimson silk blind of the brougham in which she and Martha were being conveyed to the R——Station. "I wish with all my heart that I had never seen it."

"And it is a pity, as things have turned out, as you ever did," responded the Job's comforter by her side. "To think as such a thing should have happened! I don't see myself what call you had to touch the stupid thing. I wouldn't have the Colonel know of it; no, not for a hundred pounds."

Martha had lived so long in Colonel Anstruther's family, and had made herself, both in sickness and in health, so eminently useful, that a considerable amount of license of speech was permitted to her. Cecil, however, knew well where to draw the line, and at Mrs. Franks' last words she fired up angrily.

"And pray," she flamed out, "what have you to do with what my father may or may not know? You ought to be aware by this time that I have no secrets from Colonel Anstruther, and you are at liberty to inform every one at home that a jewel, the value of which was four hundred dollars, was given to me to look at, and from that moment was seen no more."

They were brave words, but even as she said them, Cecil realized more poignantly than ever how greatly she dreaded the moment when her father must be, by her own lips, informed of what had happened.

She was his only child, the light of his home (for her mother had been long since dead), and the girl instinctively felt that whatever hopes of happiness in this life remained to him were centred in herself. And these it was her melancholy duty to, possibly, for ever, blight!

For the unhappy girl, kindly and considerately as she had been treated, could not conceal from herself the truth that appearances were deplorably against her, and when she reflected on the rack and ruin which had fallen on her own life, and more especially when her thoughts reverted to the man whose love absence had already taught her both to understand and to reciprocate, she felt inclined to accuse Providence of cruelty in that she had been brought to this undeserved dishonor.

Whilst at express speed the travelers rushed towards their goal, it seemed to the child who had so early made acquaintance with sorrow that

> "The burden which was laid upon her
> Was greater than she could bear."

Nevertheless, she inwardly resolved that her father's joy at her return should not on this her first evening be alloyed by any reference to the sad tale which it was her lot to tell.

It would be, as well she knew, their last bright evening together, and therefore, as they sat by the turf fire, and when Cecil had sung to him one of the simple ballads that her father loved, she amused him by lively details of her visit, detailing for his especial benefit the two Misses P——, one of whom was devoted to whist and the other to Romanism.

"They were the only people at the castle who were not nice to me," she said with a sigh, as, after receiving her parent's kiss, and warm "God bless you," she with an aching heart betook herself to her own room.

Colonel Anstruther's feelings after he had listened in silence to his daughter's tremblingly uttered narrative may be better imagined than described.

In common with those who had witnessed the scene, he was at first so bewildered by the strangeness of the event that he could make no conjecture as to its cause, but at length, he being a man whom it was not easy to baffle, said abruptly:

"Have you ever taken the dress which you wore that day to pieces?"

"Never;" Cecil replied; "but we beat it and shook it so much that if it had been in the dress it must have fallen out."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Colonel, whose temper even more than his feelings was, to Cecil's great relief, affected by what he had heard, "where else, in the name of common sense, could it be? Bring the dress here, child, and take every seam of it to pieces."

Obedient to the word of command, the French merino frock (a slightly dilapidated garment, which caused the Colonel, who had not forgotten the gala dresses worn in his youthful days by ladies in "smart" country houses, to wince at the thought that his daughter had not been at Dolwyddyn Castle more suitably attired) made its appearance, and the ceremony of unripping commenced.

The seams were first attacked, but no sooner had Cecil's nimble scissors made themselves acquainted with the one which had connection, not only with the pocket, but with the adjacent lining, which, to Martha's discredit, was sorely in want of 'the stitch in time that saves nine," then Cecil with a joyful shout exclaimed:

'Oh, father, dear, I have found it! It is at the very bottom of the dress, sticking as close, the wretched thing, as it can stick."

In a moment the Colonel's hand is on his daughter's shoulder.

"Not another snip, he exclaims, "as you value your life. That dress, shabby as it is, we will take to Lady A——, and she will be enabled to see with her own eyes that, owing to Martha's neglect, the locket fell between the lining and the outside stuff. It is, as many of these valuable ornaments are, so contrived as to serve the double purpose of a locket and a brooch, and——"

"Oh, yes, father, and the reason of its holding so tight is that the catch, or whatever it is called, of the brooch has caught in a forgotten tacking thread. Fancy! what a little thing for a great misery to turn upon!"

"Fancy," said Colonel Anstruther good humoredly, "your being all such donkeys as not to have earlier thought of searching the dress. It is all Martha's fault, however, and before we go she shall have a 'hearing,' for which she will care not half so much as I do for a midge's bite."

In his Guardsman's days the Colonel had been slightly acquainted with Lady A——, and therefore on sending up his card, he felt tolerably certain that the doors of the Bruton Street mansion would not be closed either against him, his pretty daughter, or the rather ponderous parcel which he carried with him into the presence of his old acquaintance. And he judged rightly. Lady A——'s manner was cordiality itself.

She entered with her usual happy spirits into the discovered mystery of the locket, chaffed Cecil unmercifully on the constancy of Sir Charles Quintin, who, as was the custom of not a few love-lorn swains had made the good-natured marchioness the confidante of his heart-sorrows, and ended by declaring that when the wedding day was fixed (an event which her ladyship declared could not be much longer delayed) the missing locket should be her wedding present.

"So, young lady, there is a lover in the case, is there?" said the Colonel, as with his daughter under one arm and a big paper parcel, minus the locket, under the other, he walked briskly in search of a passing hansom along Bruton Street.

"No, indeed, father, it is only Lady A——'s fun. Sir Charles never said a word."

"But like the parrot we have read of, I suppose he thought the more."

"Now, father," said the blushing girl, "you mustn't laugh. If you do I can tell you nothing."

"Well, then, child, I won't, and indeed I already respect the young fellow greatly for his constancy."

Annora.

BY T. D. S.

It is an odd story, and a terrible one; but absolutely true. I knew Annora Masters; I have stood by her grave often, and thought how little we know of life or of each other.

I have studied character a good deal. I am a novelist, so it has become like second nature to me to analyze motives and actions.

It has been so through a long life. The habit has only strengthened with added years; but in Annora I studied nothing; could study nothing.

A country town is a very good place for gaining and adding to knowledge of that sort. The inhabitants, to an extent hardly realized by people who do not know them, live in common; I mean, they have all known each other and each other's faults and failings since they were children together; and the feelings formed then, and the keen interest in each other's affairs, last on through middle age and the downhill part of life.

Every one knew Lucy Cherry. Every one in the town liked her. Most of the young fellows—I was young then, and one of them—did more than like her.

When she came into church on Sunday mornings, a look of agonized expectation would come over about thirty faces in the congregation.

They all gazed eagerly at Lucy in the hope of one glance from her as she went up the very short part of the aisle leading to the square pew where the Cherrys sat.

Square pews were not gone then. A great mistake it was, surely, that they ever did go. Sleep during the sermon is what most of us secretly wish for. Under the new arrangement, though, who is bold enough to take it?

Lucy would sometimes look up—not often—during those moments of her quick walk behind her brother. On whichever side of the aisle her glance fell, radiant faces were visible; on the other side a proportionate despair showed itself.

Had they not been in a place where private sentiments are rarely manifested, the relations between those gentlemen would instantly have become exceedingly "strained."

It was not to be wondered at. Lucy was very pretty. Brown hair—just the sort which most becomes a woman—soft and wavy; blue, dark blue, eyes; and a tall figure, straight and upright as an arrow.

It is neither here nor there to say that I never saw a woman like her; and had I ever married—but how could I, when she never even gave a thought to me?

Still, the fact intensified my feelings afterwards, when——but, evidently, even the practice I have had is not able to hinder me from telling this story confusedly, unless I take care. Well, I am growing old, and it was terrible. I do not half like the task I have set myself.

One Sunday came, when both sides of the aisle showed only disconsolate countenances. Lucy looked neither on one side nor the other.

She looked on the ground to hide a very pretty blush, and then fixedly on her brother's broad shoulders, as he, good soul, walked in front, thinking of nothing less than his sister.

She was engaged to be married—we had all heard it in the week—to a doctor, who had recently bought a practice in the town.

He had many friends, and few enemies, and was decidedly popular. Clever, he was most certainly; strikingly handsome; and so pleasant to talk with, that every one who met him did stop and talk to him.

This is a man's praise of a man, so it is not likely to be overdone, and it is hardly likely that I should have any reason for overpraising the man who won the only girl I ever cared for.

No; I did not wonder at Lucy. No one did. And they looked so well together—she so sweet and womanly, he so thoroughly manly, and yet so gentle, to give the much-abused compound word its real meaning.

Lucy, perhaps in mercy to us—perhaps to him—was content with only six weeks' engagement, and their wedding was fixed for New Year's Day.

The weather that winter was unusually cold and dreary, and on the last day of the old year there was a terrible snow-storm, which lasted all day, and only ended just in time to let the clouds roll away from a fiery red sunset.

New people came to the town in the middle of the snow-storm, people who had recently taken one of the few large red-brick houses the town possessed—a really large house, standing in its own large, old-fashioned garden.

But every one who knew her—and that was all the town—was so taken up with thinking of Lucy's wedding, that no one bestowed a thought at the time on what would at any other have been a great excitement—the arrival of the new tenants, Annora Masters and her husband. I use the words advisedly, for those two names could go in no other order.

Not until next morning when I, with several of my friends, who hardly felt it their happiest day in life, stood in church, watching Lucy's sweet face and her husband's handsome, manly figure, did I ever think of the new people.

And then I thought of them, because, among the crowd in the body of the church, I saw a woman whose face haunts me—will haunt me till nothing earthly can trouble me longer.

Tall, dark; dressed entirely in black, with black hair, and eyes which even through her veil burned with a flashing sort of light.

If it had not been impossible to look at Annora Masters for more than an instant, I should have been able to know certainly if there was really a dull red light in them, as I fancied, like glowing fires in her white face.

She stood among a quantity of townspeople; but, after I had looked at her, it seemed that no one else but Lucy and the tall, dark woman was in the church.

She was watching Lucy with those eyes, and I thought, I fancied, that everything lovely and bridal about Lucy seemed for that moment an ashen gray.

Then Lucy passed out of the door into the snow, which fell fast on her veil. I came out, too, and followed at a distance, and as Annora Masters went up High Street and in at the garden door of the long untenanted house, I knew that I must have seen the new tenant.

* * * * * *

The townspeople called on Annora Masters. Every one said the same thing, or, rather, no one gave any opinion of her, and only, when pressed, said:

"She is strange, don't you think?"

Annora returned none of the calls but Lucy's; and was only seen at church, where she appeared with a regularity which was part of her strangeness, it struck me—so utterly out of place did she look there.

I cannot say why; no one could; but the woman was awful, in an utterly indefinable manner, and peace and good-will seemed at odds with everything about her.

Of her household and housekeeping no one knew anything. Servants they had brought with them—two plain, middle-aged women.

Her husband we saw beside her when she went out on Sundays. And he went up to London—a journey of only twenty miles—every day.

He was supposed to be that indefinable individual, a "business man." At least, he went to London every day, till the day we were all shocked and startled by hearing that Mr. Masters was dead.

Yes—dead—suddenly. Lucy's husband went to see him. A London doctor came down, and together they carried out the post-mortem examination, which was of course insisted on, and to which Annora made not the least objection.

They could find nothing, nothing whatever, to cause death. All was right; there was no latent disease, no injury. The man we had seen alive and well on Sunday was dead on Tuesday—that was all.

"From unknown causes," the verdict at the inquest ran.

Lucy, in her kindness, went to see Annora Masters after this. "To comfort her," she said. But apparently Annora would have no comfort.

For Lucy, whom I met a few days later, asked me seriously if I had ever seen Annora Masters close; if I—lowering her voice—thought she was mad.

She had, Lucy said, grasped her wrists tightly, and said, when Lucy tried to say some of the words her own sweet heart taught her:

"Death! Sometimes death brings one what one wants! It is life that is wrong."

Then she broke off suddenly; and, dropping Lucy's hands, begged her to come and see her again.

"The oddest thing," Lucy went on, "is that Harry is sure he has seen Mrs. Masters before somewhere, and can't remember where. He hates her," Lucy said, very low, "I don't—quite like her. She——"

"You couldn't, my——"

I had forgotten, I sometimes did, that Lucy was not my darling. The thought was often bad to bear, so I lifted my hat and left her abruptly.

* * * * * *

One warm spring day, three months later, I was passing the old red-brick house, when one of the maid-servants rushed out hastily, nearly knocking me down.

"Oh!" she cried, "come in, sir, do, while I go for the doctor. Jane's fainted, and mistress, she does nothing but stand looking at Mrs. Bent, and doing nothing to bring her round. Do make her, sir, for mercy's sake!"

"Mrs. Bent!" she said, grasping the woman's arm like a vice. "What is it? Tell me!"

"She's fainted, sir, and I can't get her round, and mistress—there, sir, let me go."

I did let her go, rushed up the garden, and unceremoniously indoors and upstairs, into a large room where I saw—what I can see now—Lucy, white, ashen white, lying motionless on the dark rug, and Annora Masters standing by the mantelpiece, with one arm resting on it, gazing on the woman at her feet.

I don't know what I did—seized Annora's arm, I think. Still less do I know what I said—words of intense hate and burning anger, I know—but when she turned slowly and, with a slow, contemptuous smile on her lips, looked at me, the flashing red light in her eyes turned me to silence. I had no more words.

I, whose love, whose passion lay dead there, could say no more, could not speak!

I knelt down by Lucy, and hid my face in my hands. Something so surely made me know that Lucy was dead—gone beyond power of our help—that I never tried to touch or raise the white marble face. And then—I do not remember anything else.

I was very ill, very ill, for a long time after that. When I got well I asked, of course, before anything, about Lucy. Gone, I knew she was; but when and how? Heart disease, they said. Heart disease! My darling!

* * * * * *

I got strong again slowly—a most annoying thing for an active man, and I could not believe in my own weakness.

Perhaps my nerves were overstrung and my perceptions unreliable, one night, when I had in a sort of bravado walked much farther than I was really able. What am I saying? Overstrung nerves! Nonsense! I saw them.

I was passing an old ruin—Saint Anne's Chapel we called it. It was gaunt and uncanny in the winter moonlight, which shone with an unearthly sort of radiance over everything. Suddenly I saw, clear and bright, in front of the falling, ruined window, two figures—figures I felt I knew.

With a sudden impulse I went back into the shadow and watched. All at once I knew. The tall, slender, black-robed woman was Annora Masters. Even at that distance I could see the light in those awful eyes.

The other, a man whose attitude somehow seemed to me to show reluctance in every line, upright and firm though he stood, was—Lucy's husband. Lucy's husband! I cast every thought of eavesdropping to the winds—was I not, after all, on the public highway?—and listened.

"You will," Annora said. "You do; I knew you before this—this ridiculously short life."

And she laughed more weirdly than words can say.

"I—Lucy was my wife, my love. I love her still," he answered, in an odd, choked voice.

"You love—me!" the cold, calm, incisive voice answered.

And I saw it. But when I think of it, after all these years, the same shudder comes over me that I felt then. Then she looked at him. He took her into his arms—the arms that had held Lucy.

I could bear no more. I never knew how I got home. All the way the thought followed, accompanied, haunted me. What was this? Who was this who threw everything aside in this awful way, and went straight to her own ends? Was it a woman—or a fiend?

* * * * * *

No one ever knew more than this. How should they?

A room at the back of the red-brick house, in which Annora often sat, was found one morning locked from the inside. The servants were alarmed. Doubly so, when they found that their mistress's own room had never been entered that night.

They sent for help to force the door, and found, in an arm chair close to the window, Lucy's husband—dead—shot through the head. A pistol lay on the floor. From its position it must have fallen from his own right hand, which hung over the chair.

He was alone; the window was shut, but not fastened; and there was no sign or trace of Annora.

A small crumpled note lay on the floor. It was in his writing, and contained very few lines:

"I am writing this at home," it ran, "to tell you I cannot come; but what use is it? I know I shall come as surely as ten o'clock strikes. You will make me. But—marry you! I would kill myself first."

* * * * * * *

Annora no one ever saw again; till, three years ago, one evening, late, in the winter moonlight, on his grave—we buried him by Lucy—I, coming home, saw a woman's figure lying. I went up to it hastily, and found what had been Annora.

THE KNIFE AND SCAFFOLD.

LAW reports of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries contain numerous references to supernatural occurrences in the court and on the scaffold.

One of the most remarkable records of this kind is connected with a murder trial which took place in England early in the reign of the first Charles.

Sir John Maynard, one of the first lawyers of the century, is the authority for the supernatural events of the trial, and in his quaint preface to his notes he says he "thought good to report the evidence which was given, which many did hear that the memory thereof might not be lost by miscarriage of papers otherwise."

One Joan Norkett, a farmer's wife, had died, and at the coroner's inquest evidence was given, proving that the woman's throat had been cut from ear.

At first the jury favored a verdict of suicide, and the body was interred. But rumors became general pointing to foul play, and the body was exhumed.

Thirty days after the death the jury assembled before the body, and four suspected persons were brought in. The only evidence against the prisoners was that they had slept in an adjoining room and that no one had passed through that room; "therefore, if she did not murder herself, they must be the murderers."

What took place at the remarkable post-mortem inquiry may best be described in the words of a witness at the subsequent trial, who was described as "an ancient and grave person, minister to the parish where this murder was committed." This estimable gentleman said:

"They (the prisoners) did touch the dead body, whereupon the brow of the dead, which was before a livid color, began to have a dew of gentle sweat arise upon it which increased by degrees till the sweat ran down in drops upon the face, the brow turned and changed to a lively color, and the dead opened and shut one of her eyes and shut it again, which she did three times. She likewise thrust out the ring or marriage finger three times and pulled it in again, and the finger dropped blood on the ground."

Naturally enough such remarkable evidence as this was received with some suspicion by the court, although the witness, to again quote Sir John Maynard, "was a reverend person, about seventy years of age," as could be guessed.

His testimony was delivered gravely and temperately, but to the great admiration of the auditory.

Ample confirmation of an obviously impartial character, was, however, forthcoming, and the "admiration" changed to horror, so much so that the prisoners were convicted and two of them suffered death at the hand of the common hangman.

Neither of the victims, one of whom was an aged woman, could ever be prevailed upon to confess any complicity in the crime.

Of much more recent date was the record of the "Red Barn Murder," remarkable for the fact that the murder was discovered through the means of information imparted in a dream.

The victim of the murder was a rustic beauty named Maria Marten, who was a source of perpetual jealousy among the young men in a village near the English East Coast.

Maria's father was a mole-catcher, but as a girl was educated beyond the average of village maidens. Her first accepted lover was a rich young man named John Corden, who led the girl from the paths of virtue and then abandoned her.

A still more wealthy suitor appeared who, in turn, was displaced by William Corden, a brother of John. Under promise of marriage Miss Marten was again led astray, and, when she found herself soon to become a mother, she importuned her betrayer to fulfil his promise.

Corden tired of this, and, going to the house one evening, arranged with great detail to run off with the girl to a neighboring city, where they were to be secretly married.

The girl gladly consented and agreed to meet her lover at a red barn on his mother's farm. Corden met her there and, in compliance with a pre-arranged scheme, shot and buried her.

He then disappeared, returning after a few days and explained to the mole-catcher that the marriage had taken place at Ipswitch.

Months passed away, the barn under which the body lay was filled with grain, and yet no tidings came from Maria. Young Corden, however, explained that she had hurt her right hand, and could not write.

He subsequently left the neighborhood. One night Mrs Marten dreamed that her daughter had been murdered by Corden, and that the body was interred under the barn.

The dream was repeated so frequently that she repeated it to the mole-catcher, who, after many refusals and much ridicule, finally went to the barn, got the grain removed, and commenced to dig at the spot indicated in the dream.

The body was immediately discovered and identified. Suspicion, of course, pointed to Corden, who was traced to London, where he had married a school-mistress, and was living on her earnings.

He was arrested, convicted and executed. It is remarkable proof of the truth of this story that Mrs. Marten applied to a justice of the peace for a warrant against Corden three months before she converted her skeptical husband to a belief in her dream.

In 1751 an Irish murderer was convicted largely upon dream evidence. A Waterford publican named Rogers dreamed one night that he saw a man murder another man on a green spot on the summit of an adjoining mountain.

He was able the next day to describe both men with perfect accuracy, and did so to many of his friends. One of the men was exceptionally strong, the other weak and puny, but it was the latter who, in the vision, committed the murder.

Rogers persuaded the parish priest to accompany him to the spot, which he found without difficulty, but where there seemed to be no traces of murder or struggle.

Hence Rogers got laughed at. Next day, however, two men entered the saloon, and Mrs. Rogers at once recognised them from her husband's description as the heroes in the vision.

Much alarmed, she fetched her husband, who was also certain they were the two men. When they rose to leave Rogers begged the one he expected [illegible] to remain, but without avail.

He nearly fainted with fright after the men had left, and finally persuaded a neighbor to accompany him to the green spot on the hill, where, sure enough, the tragedy of the dream had taken place in reality.

The murderer was tracked and caught and Rogers was the principal witness. His rental of his dream was so vivid that the prisoner at once confessed, adding that he killed his companion exactly as foretold in the dream.

The weapon used was a knife, and as eight stabs were seen by Rogers in his vision, so the murderer admitted that he drove his knife up to the handle in his companion's body exactly that number of times.

A remarkable interposition of Providence is on record in Paris. In 1766 a young peasant girl went to Paris and was hired as a domestic servant by a man whose reputation was excellent, but who was a hypocrite and a libertine.

He made improper proposals to the young girl, who refused to understand his meaning or to give him any encouragement. This finally so enraged him that he had her arrested for theft, and secured her conviction by hiding some jewelry in her trunk. The prisoner had no friends to intercede for her and was hanged.

The executioner was a novice, bungled over the work, and after repeated attempts to kill the girl imagined he had succeeded and handed the body over to a dissecting [illegible].

The first cut with a knife showed that the girl lived, and she was quickly restored. When she opened her eyes she imagined herself in another world, and it was some time before she could be convinced of her escape.

Her description of what she saw during her apparent death was listened to with wonder and amazement by her newfound friends.

She told of lovely parterres with beautiful streams flowing through and around them, of flora and fauna of dazzling gorgeousness, of perpetual sunshine and immeasurable happiness. The young girl had lived a prosaic life, was poorly educated, and had no imagination at all, if the chronicler is to credited, and her revelations are the more remarkable in consequence.

The scoundrel who compassed her ruin was arrested, but acquitted on technical grounds, but the people "loaded him with well-merited reproaches."

HARDS IN THE WOODS.—A extraordinary story of babes in the woods is reported from Jeatia village, Connecticut. Four miles from the village, in the thickest of the Salisbury mountain woods, is an encampment of charcoal burners, among them being Andrew Fowler.

On Thursday of last week two little children of Fowler's wandered from home. The older one was readily found, but the other, a child of three years, became frightened and strayed so far away as to become lost.

All attempts to discover the baby were futile, and when the storm of the following Friday and Saturday set in, it was thought sure that the little one would die from exposure.

The excitement among the burners became intense, and a searching party was organized, comprising 125 men, who, with flaming torches and lanterns, scoured the woods and mountain sides for miles around.

It was not until two o'clock on the afternoon of the third day that their search was rewarded. The child was found in a secluded nook in a mossy glen, where it had fallen.

The little thing was without stockings, shoes or hat, and had been out in the woods all during its absence crawling here and there, without any protection from the storm, which raged almost incessantly.

Strange to say, the child was apparently unharmed, and did not appear to be much the worse for its thrilling and hazardous adventure.

During the search on the mountain a number of the men themselves became lost in the forest, so dense is the growth of timber.

THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.

There is in the very heart of most of our large towns an excellent subject for the painter's brush, of which, probably, he has never thought. Fancy has drawn him to Venice, and inspired him to paint a row of Venetian beauties stringing beads, or to Seville, where he has been captivated by the charms of the cigarette makers.

But probably no one has hinted to him that there is here at home an equally good subject of the kind, which would have the merit of entire novelty, and be capable of bright, if not even romantic treatment—we mean a bevy of pretty girls working a Telephone Exchange.

The scene is a long and handsome room or gallery. A strange piece of furniture like a long high desk occupies the middle of the gallery from end to end, forming the [illegible] L.

This is the switchboard where the wires from the subscribers' offices and houses are centred as in a nervous ganglion or knot; and where they are connected or disconnected in a moment by the telephone girls, to enable any two subscribers to converse together.

The board is of the type known as the "Multiple Switchboard," by which the work of connection is divided up, and distributed amongst a number of operators. This is done by forming the board into sections, at each of which an operator presides.

All the subscribers' lines are brought to every section, so that the operator can cross-connect any two lines in the whole system without leaving her place or asking the help of another operator.

Each section of the board is, in fact, an epitome of the whole; but it is physically impossible for one operator to attend to all the calls of a large Exchange, and the work is thus distributed amongst the whole number.

The multiplicity of wires on a switchboard such as this, when the number of subscribers is large, say fifteen hundred, will be readily understood, when it is remembered that each of these fifteen hundred wires goes to every section of the board, and there may be as many as fifteen or twenty sections.

The multiple switchboard is indeed a complicated and expensive apparatus; but so far it is the best yet devised; nor is it easy to see how a simpler plan for effecting the same purpose can be invented.

That mass of wires is, however, all concealed at the back of the board, where it is arranged by the electricians of the Telephone Company.

The young lady operators have nothing to do with it; so much the better for them. It would puzzle their minds worse than a ravelled skein of thread or an equation in mathematics.

Their business is to sit in front of the board in comfortable desk chairs at a running table, within reach of their telephones, and watch the 'calls' come in from the subscribers.

The call signal is given silently by the dropping of a disc, and the 'number' tells the operator who the caller is.

She responds to the call, speaks to the subscriber by her telephone, hears what he wants—that is to say, the 'telephone number' of the other subscriber he wishes to speak to; and taking in her hands a pair of brass plugs coupled together by a flexible conductor, she joins the two subscribers' wires upon her section of the board.

This is simply done by thrusting the two plugs into the two holes of the section corresponding to those wires.

The subscribers are then free to talk to each other undisturbed, and the termination of the interview is signaled to the operator.

SQUIRRELS.—Most squirrels keep two or more stores of food. Wood, the British naturalist, tells of a friend who found one of these reserve stores, which a squirrel had provided for an exigency, and the friend in a moment of thoughtlessness, determined to play a joke on the squirrel. He accordingly replaced the nuts by small round stones, and carefully concealed all evidences of his visit.

One cold day in winter he passed the spot and found that the squirrel had called there a short time previously. This he knew by the fact that ten inches of snow had been scratched from the top of the hole, outside of which the stones had been cast by the disappointed animal.

This struck the joker with remorse. He said: "I never felt the folly of practical joking so much in my life. Fancy the poor little fellow with scanty food, but foreseeing a long winter, resolved to economize his little horde as long as possible. Fancy him at last determined to break into—perhaps his last—magazine, and cheerily crunching away the snow, fully confident that a good meal awaited him as the reward of his cold job, and after all finding nothing but stones. I never felt more mean in my life, and really would have given a guinea to have known that injured squirrel's address. He should have had as fine a lot of nuts as would have put him beyond the reach of poverty had he lived to be as old as Methuselah."

A person that values himself upon conscience, not opinion, never needs reprosches. When I am ill spoken of I take it thus. If I have not deserved it, I am never the worse; if I have failed, I will mend.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Did you know that the postal card, called in England a "post card," and on the Continent a "correspondence card," celebrated its twentieth birthday on the the 26th of last month? Prussia suggested it four years earlier, but Austria beaten it. America took it up in 1873 and by 1878 its use was universal. During the Franco Prussian war they were issued free to the German soldiers in the field and sold five for a cent to their families at home.

The Princess of Wales has been very stern and particular in the education of her daughters. She has had good material to work upon, as her girls are clever by nature. The Princess has taken great pride in their accomplishments and feels that her discipline has been extremely beneficial. The Prince of Wales has sometimes pleaded with her in vain to give her daughters a holiday. She has often answered that, as they were to hold high social positions, they had no time to waste while acquiring social graces.

The importance of the wedding ring trade in Birmingham—not merely to wholesale traders, but to retail venders of the hymeneal circlet—can hardly be overestimated from a jeweler's point of view. Competition is keen, especially since the standard of the wedding ring was defined as 22 carat. Traders are ready almost to cut each other's throats, and the variety of advertising dodges adopted is simply marvelous. It has, however, been reserved for a dealer in Bordesley, England, to show the way to all its compeers. He has had a plaster figure of a clergyman in full canonicals placed in front of his shop door. The clergyman is reading the marriage service, apparently, for an open prayer book lies before him, with the words painted on the margin. "With this ring I thee wed." On the book itself is chained a Titan wedding ring.

In one of the law courts of Helsingborg, Sweden, a queer case of hypnotism has puzzled the judges. A young medical student brought suit against a practicing physician in the town for having hypnotised him several times against his will, with the result that his nervous system was injured and his mind somewhat enfeebled. Several witnesses appeared for the plaintiff, and, to the astonishment of the court, they all appeared to be crazy, and gave the most contradictory and astounding testimony. Hereupon a medical gentleman came upon the stand and further astonished the court with the announcement that his confrere, the defendant, had hypnotised the witnesses and made them say just whatever he liked. Finally the court adjourned the case and appointed a commission to see if the entire crowd were not crazy.

The polygamous Turkish Beys and Agas, whose hitherto regular supply of Circassian girls from the Caucasus has been cut off from them since the annexation of the province by Russia, have recourse now to a bold system of robbery. They swoop down upon an Armenian village, with their armed scoyles, and carry off to their harems, by main force, as many good-looking girls and women as they can lay hands on. This is permitted to them, and the modus operandi by which the abduction of Armenian girls is rendered legal by the Moslem judges may be summed up as follows: When the relatives present themselves in court to claim the abducted victim, the ravishers are ready with a brace of Moslem witnesses (100 could be produced if wanted) who declare on oath that the kidnapped woman pronounced into their presence the regular formula of the Moslem faith: 'There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet.' The Judge thereupon dismisses the case on the ground that the stolen and ravished girl has by that profession abjured her former faith and embraced Mohammedanism. And the verdict of these upright judges is not to be set aside.

On the subject of wedding fees, a well-known New York clergyman thus expresses himself in a leading paper there: "I think the clergy have had too much to say about the smallness of some of their wedding fees. There is no earthly reason, in the first place, why a clergyman should receive any fee for his services on such an occasion. If fees are to be given at all, they would be much more appropriate when a clergyman is asked to officiate at a funeral, which, in some cases, may consume several hours of his time. But, granting that a wedding fee is allowable, my experience is that such fees are as a rule too large than too small. I have officiated at the weddings of a great many mechanics and working men, and in the large majority of instances the grooms have given me ten dollars. Some of them have given me fifteen and even twenty dollars. Now, the lowest of these sums is out of all proportion to the average income of a mechanic. It is much more than they can afford for a service which a Christian minister should be glad to render for nothing. And in my own practice I have always returned the fee in such cases, unless the groom was so foolishly proud as to refuse it."

THINGS right themselves, are more likely to be hindered than advanced, by an injudicious zeal for promoting them.

Our Young Folks.

THE HEARTH FAY.

BY L. E HILL.

ROUND about on all sides stretched the wild waste land, heather, and sedge, and black bog streams rising slope upon slope against the grey dawning sky with the torrents leaping cream-white down the mountain side. A wild, wet, waste land, so bleak and lonely that you wondered however anyone had been bold enough to build a cottage in it on the bog's edge. And yet there it stood, four square and sturdy, well roofed, and with the blue smoke curling up slowly against the dawn—as comfortable a cottage as you could wish to see: indeed, it was the only bright cosy thing in the desolate valley. No, there was one other, and that was Curly Head. He came toddling out of the cottage after his mammy, laughing and crying "Gee up!" like a man to the pony that stood in the road. The pony stood patiently there while dad brought out piece by piece of the poor cottage furniture, and piled it up on the cart. There was a "flitting" going on in the grey morning light, but Curly Head and the pony did not care for that. Curly Head laughed when mammy held him up to pat the pony, and laughed still more when dad lifted him on the top of the piled-up furniture, and never noticed the tears running down mammy's cheeks or the puckers on dad's face.

"Gee up!" said dad; but Curly Head cried, "Wo, Dobbin!"

"Why do you do that, Curly Head?" asked dad. "Let him alone."

"Something is left behind, dad."

"Sure it's my heart then," sobbed mammy; but Curly Head shouted—

"Let me down, dad. You've left my playfellow behind—you've not got the Hearth Fay."

But dad whipped up the pony.

"We've got no hearth, Curly Head," said he, "and no home. There'll be no Hearth Fay for you to play with any more."

Then Curly Head began to cry too, and the cart jolted slowly away along the rough roadtrack, across the heather and across the sodgy peat, up and away slowly—slowly, till it looked like a tiny speck on the hill brow.

Curly Head when they reached the brow looked back at the smoke rising against the lonely hillside.

"I'll come back for you, Hearth Fay," shouted he.

The wind blew away the shrill little voice, and the plovers answered with their slow melancholy cry, and then the cart jogged along its way and was gone.

"Pewhee! Pewhee!" cried the plovers, circling round and round. "You hear what he says, Marsh King. He'll come back for the Hearth Fay. Pewhee!"

The Marsh King laughed. "Yes, but how long before he does? Plovers can you tell me that? How many storms will blow? how many long wild winters pass? and I and my brave black streams working all the while. If Curly Head and Marsh King race, who do you think will win, Plovers?

And then the Marsh King slid like a long white mist-wreath down and across the bog to the cottage. Many and many a night had he prowled round the walls, and shivered in the ruddy glow from the fire, and much disliked seeing the happy home, and Curly Head playing with the Hearth Fay; and many and many a time had he vowed in his wicked heart to suck the sheltering walls down into his home in the bog. Now it was left deserted, with no careful dad to keep out the bog and bank in the streams.

No, it was left alone and deserted, and the Marsh King might do as he liked now.

The fire mammy had lighted to cook the last breakfast by still burnt brightly, but the poor merry flames had nothing left but the bare walls to play with.

What games they used to have with Curly Head and the shadows in and out of the chairs, and the old press, and mammy's cloak hung up on the door nail, and the coins on the shelf; but now the little room was quite bare, and they could only shine broad on the walls, without any fun at all.

It was dull work for the flames, but still duller for the Hearth Fay. There he sat in the ingle nook, with his hands clasped round his knees, looking sadly into the dying fire, while the rain came blowing over the hill, and the Marsh King stared in at the door.

Bit after bit of the log caught and flared and crumbled away in ash, and still the Hearth Fay sat sadly there.

The Marsh King drew himself up tall and strong in the rain, and laughed as it pattered down, soaking the moss and swelling the streams with its water.

"Brave rain!" laughed he; "Who shall stand against the storm and me? Listen, Hearth Fay. You may live and the cottage stand a little longer yet, but you will be mine—mine, I say, for who is there that can withstand the Marsh King and the storm?"

And then laughing, he slipped back into the black bog stream that flowed close by the cottage, and was hid from sight. The storm beat against the window-panes and the fire sank down into a dull glow.

"Pewhee! Pewhee!" cried the plovers, flapping with their wide wings across the marsh.

One of them came and peeped in at the open door, and the Hearth Fay raised his drooping head to look at it.

"Hearth Fay, Curly Head says he will come back for you. We heard him up there on the hill brow, but the wind blew his words away from you, and we only heard; so we came on here to tell you."

And then the last embers died out, and the Fay, with a sad look round, slipped down under the hearth-stone and fell asleep.

So long as the stone lay in its place there he would lie, ready to awaken at the first bright spark that was kindled on the hearth, but when it got broken or displaced then the Fay's heart would break too, and he would die.

The Marsh King lay in the stream, busy at work. Crumble, crumble, slip, slip, splash, down slid a little bit of the bank and a few stones, and then a turf of grass, and then some more earth and stones, and then more and more; and so it went on day by day.

"That's my brave stream," whispered the Marsh King. "Work away. In a few years we shall cut right under the cottage. Hurrah! who can race with the Marsh King?"

All the long winter he worked away, and the storms helped him, and in the summer the sun blazed down and cracked the earth with deep furrows, and that helped him too. Inch by inch the bank crumbled into the stream, and inch by inch the Marsh King crept closer to the cottage.

And as the summers and winters slipped by the cottage lost its snug look. The glass fell out and part of the roof fell in, and the stones slipped from their places and left great rents in the walls.

It would have made you cry to see its loneliness, but still the hearth stood firm, and the Hearth Fay lay under it sleeping, even though the stream washed daily nearer and nearer as the years sped fast away.

"Pewhee! pewhee!" cried the plovers, as they flew about the marsh. "Curly Head has forgotten his promise, and the Hearth Fay will die. Pewhee! pewhee! Pewhee!"

But the Marsh King laughed loudly as he looked at the great chasm he had worn under the walls. Already they had begun to slip, and could not stand much longer.

"One more storm," cried the Marsh King, "and it is mine."

And as if it heard his words the wind came blowing shrilly over the hill and across the whistling sedge, and it brought with it heavy banks of clouds and driving mist and fierce rushing rain.

Then the torrents tumbled headlong down the mountain, and the swamp spread into wide pools, and the bog stream, blacker than ever, swept fiercely round the cottage walls, and the Marsh King knew that at last his triumph was close at hand.

But hark! a footstep has fallen on the threshold, startling the walls into a strange, almost forgotten, echo answer.

"Pewhee! pewhee! Curly Head has come back," cried the plovers. "We are glad. Pewhee!"

Curly Head had indeed come back for the Hearth Fay, but he had come back alone. The roses were gone from his cheeks, and the merry laugh was gone too.

He was grown tall and thin, and his coat hung about him in tatters. He crossed the floor full of pools and grass-grown, and stood once more on the hearth he had left so long.

"Ah!" said he sadly, "if dad had waited for the Hearth Fay things would have gone less hardly with us, and we should not have been hungry and homeless all these years, or I alone now."

The roof still stood over the hearth, keeping it sheltered and dry, and the charred logs lay just as the fire had burnt out of them many years before. Curly Head knelt down and gathered them together.

There was a sound of wind and rain and rushing water all round, and ever and again another faint noise under the earth: was it the foundation-stones slipping into the water, or was it the Marsh King laughing?

A few more minutes, and Curly Head, the Hearth Fay, and the cottage would crash headlong into the now foaming torrent under the walls, and be swept away into the wild waste of water and forgetfulness.

The walls swayed in the storm, and the roof behind Curly Head fell in with a loud crash.

"Ha! ha!" shouted the Marsh King, as a great corner stone slipped splashing into the stream; "they are mine, mine! Who can race with the Marsh King?"

But suddenly a bright spurt of light and flame shot up. The splinters had kindled; they crackled and flared in the whistling wind, and Curly Head peered eagerly into the blaze.

Another moment, and he clapped his

"Are you there, Hearth Fay? Are you there, dear old playfellow? Come, that's brave!"

The Hearth Fay stood before him—the same sweet old home-like Hearth Fay, and smiled him a welcome.

Then Curly Head seized one of the blazing splinters in his hand, and with the *fay* nestled close to his heart he turned, well content. Crash fell the rest of the roof, the walls rent asunder on this side and that, the hearth stone cracked with the falling beams, and in another moment there was a great rush of water, and rock, and foam, and wind, and the cottage was gone, swept headlong down the stream.

"Mine! Mine!" cried the Marsh King, but then he paused, mad with the storm and rage.

For there stood Curly Head safe in the roadway, with the Hearth Fay next his heart, and a brand from the home fire to some day wake him back into life with its warmth.

"Dear Hearth Fay," whispered Curly Head, "What care I for storm and cold with you safe? Come, we will go away beyond the hills, sure now of home and happiness."

"Pewhee! Pewhee!" cried the plovers, as they watched him slowly climbing the hill, where the sunshine was scattering the storm clouds. "So you lost the race, Marsh King, and we are glad. Pewhee!"

CHIMMY.

BY T. S. W.

PERHAPS Chimmy doesn't say much about it now, but there's a short chapter in his life's history which I am sure will interest you.

Chimmy—or, as you would call him, Jimmy—was one of a gang of boys who gained a living in the streets of New York by selling papers, blacking boots, or doing any odd job whereby an honest penny might be earned.

When coins were scarce, the lads amused themselves at various games, and sometimes the play was rather rough. One day they were romping after their fashion, when a heavy wagon, driven at a furious rate, came tearing along the street, and before he could get out of its way, poor Chimmy was knocked down and run over.

Few grown up folk were near, but in a moment his chums were at his side. They soon found that his leg was broken, and that he was otherwise badly hurt.

The leader of the gang at once ordered him to be lifted, and two of his mates raised him tenderly in their arms, and then placed him on the back of the strongest of their number.

"To the hospital," was the next command of Captain "Corkey," as the same styled their chief. "Can ye stand it?" he meanwhile asked of the injured boy in an anxious whisper.

"It's pretty rough," answered Chimmy quietly; "but I ain't lost me nerve yit, Cork."

And so the procession moved onwards. Presently a gentleman, hearing what was wrong, advised that a policeman and an ambulance should be fetched. But "Corkey" would not listen to such counsels.

"No friend," said he, "ye means well, and we thank ye. Ye're a gentleman. But lemme tell ye this: dis yere gang ain't very high-toned, and don't count for much; but when one of dis yere gang gits hurt, dis yere gang don't go back on him. See?"

The gentleman, moved by "Corkey's" obvious sincerity, slipped a silver coin into his hand, and walked away.

While this talk had been going on the band had almost reached the hospital. Arrived there, Chimmy was handed over to the surgeons, and the whole gang camped out in the street until they heard the doctor's opinion. By-and-by, "Corkey" was able to tell them that though their friend's leg was broken, the doctor did not think it was a serious case. And then they left him.

But so long as Chimmy lay in the hospital he was visited every day by some of his chums, who brought him little delicacies bought by "Corkey's" silver coin and other moneys raised among themselves.

And you may depend upon it that Chimmy believed there was no gang anywhere in the world like his gang, and no chief like "Corkey."

MAKING POSTAGE STAMPS.—The design of the stamp is engraved on steel; and, in the printing, plates are used on which two hundred stamps have been engraved. Two men are busy at work covering these with colored inks, and passing them to a man and a girl who are equally busy printing them with large rolling hand-presses.

Three of these little squads are employed all the time. After the small sheets of paper containing two hundred printed stamps have dried enough, they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables, mixed with water.

After having been again dried, this time on little racks fanned by steam power for about an hour, they are put between sheets of pasteboard, and pressed in hydraulic presses capable of applying a weight of two thousand tons. The next thing is to cut the sheets in two, each sheet, of course, when cut, containing one hundred stamps. This is done by a girl, with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that by machinery, which would destroy too many stamps.

They are then passed to another squad of workers, who perforate the paper between the stamps. Next they are pressed once more, and then packed and labelled and stowed away, to be sent out to the various offices when ordered.

If a single stamp is torn or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of one hundred is burned. No less than five hundred thousand are said to be burned every week from this cause.

The greatest care is taken in counting the sheets of stamps, to guard against pilfering by the employes; and it is said that during the past twenty years not a single stamp has been lost in this way. During the process of manufacturing, the sheets are counted eleven times.

AMONG THE BRIDES.—In a remote parish in Scotland an eccentric testator some years ago left a fund, the interest of which was to be annually distributed among the oldest, youngest, tallest, and shortest brides who might be married in the place during the year.

This year the divisible income amounted to $166. More than one fair bride claimed to share as the youngest, but the competition for the share of the oldest was exceedingly feeble. And this fact prompts me to wonder for the hundredth time why ladies—especially those who are getting on in life—so much object to allow their real ages to be known.

The other day I was in court, listening to a very amusing breach of promise case. The faithless swain was a grey-headed man, who had no scruple whatever about confessing that he was a septuagenarian.

His flouted Phyllis was also old, grey-headed and wrinkled, and rather tottering as well; yet, with the greatest coolness in the world, she gave her age as thirty-eight, and then, when merry but suppressed laughter arose in court, she looked around her as if she were posing to a sculptor as a model for a statue of Truth Frowning down Error.

A clergyman of my acquaintance tells me, by the way, that many baptismal register books are mutilated by ladies who thus seek to for ever obliterate evidence of their growing antiquity.

There is, too, a well-known peeress who for years has refused to appear in public with her daughters, for the sole and simple reason that she imagines that she looks no more than thirty, and that she knows that the elder of her "girls" is thirty-seven.

One of the lessons which young people have to learn from experience is the power, as well as the enduring quality, of deeds and words, and that they cannot talk idly as the wind whistles, or do carelessly as the reeds float, with no effect produced, and no impress made.

THE HAVEN OF REST.

BY HENRY WILL.

"Come, lead me to the harbor bar, my little lass," quoth he,
"And let me hear the waves and feel the wind blow in from sea.
And side by side along the pier together while we go,
Hold fast the blind old pilot's hand, his footsteps falter so.

"Through many a storm I've held the helm, and weathered many a gale,
The time has almost come, my lass, for me to shorten sail,
So keep a sharp look-out, my little pilot, on the west,
At nightfall we shall anchor in the haven of our rest.

"Stand fast, my lads, we're nearing home, I see the harbor light,
Port helm—the breakers race and roar—I hear them thro' the night,
Reef sail—reef sail—we'll meet the gale, in but my limbers fast—
Thank God who brings the sailor home, the harbor bar is passed."

His voice rang out, with one great shout, across the waters wide,
The little child, with terror wild, crept trembling to his side,
His hands were clasped, his silver head was bent upon his breast,
The mariner had anchored in the haven of God's rest!

CURIOSITIES OF BARTER.

Perhaps a good definition of a civilized man as distinct from a pure savage is that he is an exchanging man.

The pure savage does not exchange. If he is hungry and meets another man with food, he knocks him down, and takes the food from him, just as a dog attacks another dog and steals the bone that this other dog has secured.

When man first begins to exchange, he of course does so by barter. This is an awkward process, and leads to some very unfair bargains. Here is an instance:

When the Hudson's Bay Company's servants began dealing with the wily red men of North America, they frequently sold the latter guns, or rather bartered guns, for the latter's furs. The furs were piled on the ground, and the white man stood his gun upon its butt end; when the pile of furs reached the height of the mouth of the muzzle, the white man took the furs, the Indian the gun.

This was a splendid bargain for the pale face; for he used to have special guns made for his red brother with extremely long muzzles, and thus, by the sagacious outlay of a few pence on each gun, cheated the Indian out of many valuable furs.

Another difficulty experienced by early man arises from his primitive notions of numbers. Sometimes he cannot count beyond two or three.

Mr. Galton tells the following amusing transaction with a Dammara—the Dammaras are a South African tribe, and have no numeral greater than three.

"When bartering is going on," he says, "each sheep must be paid for separately. Thus, suppose two sticks of tobacco to be the rate of exchange for one sheep, it would sorely puzzle a Dammara to take two sheep and give him four sticks. I have done so, and seen a man put two of the sticks apart, and take a sight over them at one of the sheep he was about to sell.

Having satisfied himself that one was honestly paid for, and finding to his surprise that exactly two sticks remained in hand to settle the account for the other sheep, he would be afflicted by doubts; the transaction seemed to come out too pat to be correct, and he would refer back to the first couple of sticks; and then his mind got hazy and confused and wandered from one sheep to the other, and he broke off the transaction until two sticks were put into his hand and one sheep driven away, and then the other two sticks given him, and the second sheep driven away."

Barter is awkward not only with traders with such limited knowledge of mathematics as a Dammara. Suppose amongst ourselves a tailor with nothing but coats to dispose of wanted bread, he could not very well make an exchange, as a coat would be worth ever so much more bread than he could use before it spoilt.

To get out of dilemmas like these, man has from a very early period found it necessary to call in the assistance of a third article, or, as it is called, a circulating medium—a medium of exchange—money.

All sorts of things have been adopted for this purpose—cattle, shells, salt, iron, tobacco, skins, corn, dried fish, cubes of tea, nails, gold and silver, etc.

The earliest extant records pertaining to a circulating medium belong to the Chinese, and go back more than two thousand years before Christ. Before the Chinese had adopted this medium, and just as they were emerging from a system of barter, they would say of a horse or other article that it was worth so many pieces of cloth, or so many knives, just as we say of things that they are worth so much or so many dollars. A piece of cloth and a knife had by this time acquired a distinct value. Accordingly, when they first made coins, they made them in the form of a shirt, the pu coin; or if a knife, the tao coin. By-and-by of course these shapes gave way to more convenient shapes.

At the present day, even, there is on Chinese coins a curious feature—viz, the nail mark which has been copied on the coins of Japan and Corea; this mark arose from an accident.

The wax model of a proposed coin was submitted to Queen Wentek for her approval. In handling it, she left the impression of one of her nails on the model. This was taken as an alteration intended by her Majesty, and consequently that mark has been reproduced on Chinese coins for hundreds of years—an indication of the conservative character of our Celestial brethren.

The Chinese are also credited with being the first to use bank notes. This was in the reign of the Emperor Outi, who, being very hard up, gave his treasury to understand that this intolerable state of affairs must not continue.

At that time it was customary for princes and courtiers on entering the royal presence to cover their faces with a piece of skin. Taking advantage of this custom the treasurer caused a decree to be issued forbidding the use of any other skins for this purpose except those of certain white deer in the royal parks.

Immediately there was a demand for pieces of these skins, which, being a monopoly, were sold at a high price and the royal coffers refilled. This high price enabled them to pass from one nobleman to another just like money. For all this, however, we decline to agree with some writers who compare these pieces of skin with bank notes. Bank notes are simply promises to pay, and have no intrinsic value.

These skins had nothing in the nature of a promise about them, but did possess an intrinsic value due to the purpose for which they were used. More than a thousand years ago, however, in the reign of Hiantsong, the Chinese had bank notes which they called "flying money." The temptation to over issue these notes was too great, however, and we find that shortly after their introduction it took 11,000 min. or something like $15 000, to pay a cake of rice.

Grains of Gold.

The slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient if it produce amendment.

The opposite views of people are often equally remote from truth.

He is an accountant who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.

Many would fain have the rule over others, who cannot govern themselves.

Company which does not help to improve us, will certainly have a contrary effect.

Those who have had the most forgiven them, should be the least addicted to slander.

Consider, why the error of another offends thee, when thou art in no way a party to it.

We are too apt to imagine, that contentment may be found almost any where rather than at home.

Our perceptions of truth are clear, in proportion to our freedom from the biases of error and prejudice.

The root of pride is self confidence; and they who fancy themselves more humble than others, may be the least so.

Others sometimes appear to us more wrong than they are, because we ourselves are not right in judging them.

Perhaps the most delightful friendships are those in which there is much agreement, much disputation, and yet more personal liking.

If we are as intent on realizing religious truths, as we commonly are in bringing others over to our opinions, religion would soon flourish among us.

True glory consists in doing what deserves to be written; in writing what deserves to be read; and in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it.

Femininities.

One tailor-made girl can unmake nine men.

Refined chalk is the basis of most of the face powders.

The Princess of Montenegro has given birth to her tenth child.

Equal parts of lemon juice and glycerine whiten and soften the hands.

Flatter a girl by calling her a woman; flatter a woman by calling her a girl.

A new thing in jewelry is to have small colored gems set in big solitaire diamonds.

A little shining chaff deludes feminine nature better than any dull handful of solid grain.

Her: "Darling, will you love me when I'm gone?" She: "Yes, if you are not too far gone."

Gossips are not egotistical; they find more pleasure in talking of others than of themselves.

Eyelids reddened by a long drive on a cold day can be paled off by a little salt dissolved in warm water.

He: "Do you believe in marrying for money, Miss Antiquer?" She: "I don't know. How much have you got?"

The world is astonished at the fortune of the lady of Chili who is worth $300,000,000. Possibly there are no dry goods stores in Chili.

A beautiful daisy brooch has its leaves in white enamel, while the heart, formed of straight gold stems, has a raised diamond centre.

Mrs Smithington: "Oh! Mr. Tibkin you are always so kind in coming to see me off." Tibkin: "Not at all; it is always a pleasure."

A pretty decoration seen on a gold pencil case consists of garnets and turquoise arranged alternately in web-like fashion around the entire article.

Knew the sex. Annie: "Oh, Charlie I found out something to-day that I promised never, never to tell!" Charlie, settling back: "Well, I'm ready."

"Do you think, Miss Pahsein, that marriage is a failure?" asked young Blinkins. "I can't say; but I know that engagements are quite frequently."

A Hartford toddler, who was told that children should be seen and not heard, gave the door a bang and cried: "I don't want to be seen; I want to be heard."

Cut glass, the crevices of which readily secrete dust, needs to be washed with hot suds, and the cuttings scrubbed with a moderately stiff brush. Then rinse in warm water and wipe dry with tissue paper.

Mrs Gillette, of Buncombe, Wis., whose mare continually switched her tail over the driving lines, has patented an iron hook for the lower edge of the dashboard, by means of which the lines can be released.

The cheerful alacrity with which a young man will guide his sweetheart towards a milliner's shop window before they are married is equalled only by the marvellous skill with which he will steer her away from it after she is his wife.

Fanny: "Why, Emma, how cordially you shook hands with Miss Frizhair at the party last night! I thought you were deadly enemies." Emma: "Oh, that is all past. I have forgiven her everything, now she's grown so plain looking."

Smith: "Brown, I heard that you were offered a big salary if you would accept an appointment to a post-office. Everybody is talking about it. Was there a notice in the paper?" Brown: "Oh, no. I just told my wife not to tell any one about it."

The most expensive carpet ever manufactured is that owned by the Maharajah of Baroda. It took three years to make, and cost $20,000. It is made of strings of pearl, with the centre and corners of diamonds. That will be a hard carpet to beat.

In New York there is a remarkable growth of the number of women who are students in the higher branches of education, and the reports from England show that, in this respect, the Bob damsels are keeping abreast of the American sisterhood.

It is said that most actresses carry a talisman of one kind or another before appearing on a fresh stage, either a ring, or bead, or some such trifle. One operatic singer keeps a crust of bread in her pocket, while others match this by storing all sorts of bottles in their dressing-rooms.

A young lady of Aroostook captured a runaway bear a few days ago. The animal had been caught by her father a year ago, but recently broke his chain and returned to his native wilds. The young woman chased Bruin under a log, succeeded in attaching his chain to a stick and dragged him home.

Never use soap in the water when cleaning oilcloth. It fades the colors and breaks up the paint. Ammonia, also, is to be avoided, because it gives the cloth a dull, dead look. If a brush is used, it should be a soft one; but it is better not to use any, except in cases where the oilcloth has been long neglected, or poorly washed, for some time previously.

It is not often that a whole picture of domestic woe is so vividly brought to public gaze as was the case in Biddeford, Me., one night recently when a bystander succeeded in arresting a woman's steps as she was about to jump into the river. Just at that minute the woman's husband appeared on the scene, and with an oath remarked: "Why didn't you let her jump? I've got tired of her."

"Reginald, my dear, can you not take the girls out where they can gather some autumn leaves to-morrow?" "Yes, I guess so. But what is the matter with the leaves about the place? There is as good a variety of leaves within 100 feet of the house as there is within 10 miles." "Oh, the girls don't care anything about the leaves, Reginald. They want to eat sandwiches and jelly-cake in the woods."

Masculinities.

Nothing will so soon make a person hot as cold treatment.

Druggist, awakened at 2 A. M.: "Well, what is it?" Customer: "It's a boy. Get up."

When Jay Gould steps on a weighing machine the index points to 115 pounds.

The young man who is in love with himself need never be afraid of having a rival.

Brown: "Is Green regular in his habits now?" Gray: "Quite regular; but his habits are bad."

When a man breaks the news to his wife it takes her to pick up the pieces and scatter them abroad.

When a man disagrees with you regard it as an evidence of a want of brains, and let him go in peace.

"Who is the author of fiction whose skill you most admire, Mrs. Marriedayear?" "My husband."

We censure the inconsistancy of women when we are the victims; we find it charming when we are the objects.

Don't be too severe on the man who scolds his wife in public. Perhaps that is the only time he dares do so.

Emperor William, of Germany, spends most of his leisure time in studying political geography or talking about war.

The man who tries to argue a woman into loving him may succeed perhaps, but he must have a long life and no rival.

He had been there. Binks: "Miss Dewdrop is a bouncing girl, isn't she?" Jinks: "Yes, but her father is more inclined that way!"

Silence is the highest wisdom of a fool, and speech is the greatest trial of a wise man. If one would be wise, let his words show him so.

Thompson, proudly: "Robinson, you see that gun? My wife killed a bear with that once." Robinson: "Ah, indeed! What was she shooting at?"

Hooker Crook, to chum: "So you've been getting married during my absence—who was the best man?" Hen Peck, sorrowfully: "Why, Maria."

A curious episode of New Jersey politics can be found in the fact that ex-Speaker William M. Baird is now a driver on a Broadway horse car in New York.

To protect one's self against the storms of life, marriage with a good woman is a harbor in the tempest; but with a bad woman it is a tempest in the harbor.

Henry Merrit, of Franklin county, Pa., was peering into a stone wall the other day in search of a woodchuck. The animal saw him first and bit off the end of his nose.

She: "Am I, then, never to have my own way?" He: "Certainly, my dovey. When we are both agreed, you can have your way; and when we differ, I'll have mine."

He: "Talking about names, I wish I could get mine changed. I think it is too ugly for anything." She, enthusiastically: "Oh, I don't; I think it is just lovely!"

The Emperor of China has a new umbrella which requires the strength of ten men to carry it. The Emperor says that the man who can steal that umbrella can have it.

Cantwaite: "Say, do you remember that five-dollar bill I loaned you?" Owen Long: "Remember it, sir? I never forget a favor like that. You haven't got another one about you, have you?"

Servant, answering bell: "Miss Bright doesn't care to see any one this afternoon." Wilkins, "But she'll see me, I am sure." Servant: "No, she won't—she mentioned you in particular."

"What are you doing now, Gus?" said one young man about town to another. "Oh, I write for a living." "On the daily press?" "No; I write to father about twice a month for a remittance."

Judge: "You are a freeholder?" Prospective juryman: "Yes, sir." Judge: "Married or single?" P. J.: "Married three years ago last month." "Have you formed or expressed any opinion——" "Not for three years past."

Mr. Beetleson: "Would you like the date put in our engagement ring, dear?" Miss Beryl: "By all means; and then, if there's room, run in some little motto like 'Any port in a storm,' or 'A bird in the hand,' or something pretty like that, you know."

A new work on "Half a Century of Music in England" draws the interesting contrast between the time when Lord Chesterfield warned his son against being a fiddler, even in the amateur sense, and the present, when a Prince of the royal blood is the most noted amateur in England.

Smith: "Why are you loafing around town at this time of night for?" Brown: "'Fraid to go home. Wife told me to be sure and remember something, and I've forgotten what it was." "It wasn't dry goods or groceries, was it?" "No." "Baby food, tacks or theatre tickets?" "What was it?" "She wanted me to remember to come home early."

The cause of his cold. Ferguson: "You seem to have a bad cold!" McCustek: "Yes. Got it in the theatre last night." "Did you have a seat near the door?" "No. I sat next to a woman with a big diamond ring on her finger, and in order that everybody should see it sparkle she fanned herself so much that I had to put on my overcoat. It's a miracle that I have not got pneumonia."

The latest big fortune story comes from Grand Forks, North Dakota. Here it is: Alexander Parkinson, a poverty-stricken farm laborer living here, has fallen heir to an estate worth $1,000 000, besides an annual income of $5000 by the death of a brother in Kent, England. Wednesday he received notice of his brother's death from the family solicitors and $1000 to defray his expenses to England.

Recent Book Issues.

"Every-Day Biography," is a collection of brief biographies, arranged for every day in the year. It is designed as a book of reference for the teacher, student, Chautauquan and Home circle; by Amelia J. Calver. Miss Calver has spared no pains to make it as complete as a book of moderate size and small cost can well be. Fowler & Wells Co., Publishers, New York.

"Ready for Business, or, Choosing an Occupation," is a series of practical papers for young men and boys, by Geo. J. Manson. The author does not attempt to indicate what is the best line to follow, but rather to show what is to be done and how to do it, to enter upon any one life pursuit, so that when a young man has the matter under consideration he may know what he has to contend with, or to do in order to succeed. Fowler & Wells C., Publishers, 777 Broadway, New York. Price 75 cents.

THE HOMING FACULTY IN ANIMALS.—The existence of a homing faculty in many animals is well-known, but is none the less mysterious. It is known, for instance, that many honey hunters find their prey by catching bees, and letting them free at different points.

Each bee strikes for home immediately, and so, to find the bee-hive, one only needs to follow the bee line of two or three bees, as they point to one and the same spot, and come across each other at the very spot where the hive is to be found, and is actually discovered.

Eels and fishes often go from one pond to another, very distantly located, or from a pond to the sea, in a quite straight line, without any mistake.

It would seem that this homing faculty preexists to all individual experience, since Humphrey Davy informs us that he had seen a young alligator, which had just got out of its egg, which had been broken by this observer, make immediately for the direction in which water was close by. Again, a falcon, sent from Teneriffe to Southern Spain, managed to escape, and sixteen hours later had returned, quite exhausted, to Teneriffe.

A dog, carried from Mentone, in the south of France, to Vienna, came back to Mentone, and a donkey of Gibraltar, which was shipwrecked 200 miles away, on the Spanish coast, also managed to get to his home in Gibraltar.

BETTING ON RAIN.—An English writer in India, describes a system of gambling in Calcutta on rain. It is carried on in a "compound" off the Hurra Bazira, where, when a rain cloud crosses the sky, a crowd or eager, excited men collects; some rush about frantically, others perch themselves high on adjoining roofs and gesticulate wildly to friends below, while all gaze anxiously at the sky.

These are the satta, or rain speculators, and the system, as explained by the lessee of the compound in which it is carried on, is extremely simple. On the roof of his office is a pitch which will hold eight sers of water. If a rain cloud bursts and the fall exceeds this amount, the overflow is discharged into the compound by a spout. This decides all the bets, those wagered it would rain winning.

The bets are entered by the proprietor in a book, the commission being one pice per rupee, and the transactions being all settled at 10 o'clock the following morning.

A defaulter is hardly ever known; the gamblers are mostly money lenders, men of substance and well known to each other. They are a class by themselves, and the stakes are usually inconsiderable, whereas in Bombay it is not unusual to have thousands of rupees on the rain.

ANIMAL AGES.—A bear rarely exceeds 20 years. A dog lives 20 years; a fox 14 or 16. Lions are long lived. One has been known to live to the age of 70 years; a squirrel 7 or 8 years; rabbits 7. Elephas e have been known to live to the great age of 400 years.

When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant, which had fought valiantly for the King, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go, with the inscription, "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found with this inscription three hundred and fifty years afterward.

Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30 years; the rhinoceros to 20. A horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but averages from 20 to 30. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100. Stags are long lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of 10. Cows live about 15 years.

Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live 1,000 years. A swan has attained the age of 200 years. Pelicans are long lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107.

Insects, as a general rule, are short lived, though there are a good many exceptions to the rule.

A statistician has discovered that a man 60 years of age has devoted two years, ten months and three days to button on his collar. The statistician neglected to state how many years the same man has devoted to hunting his collar button when it has rolled under the bed.

PLEURISY PAINS, Asthmatic, and all Throat Affections, are soon relieved by that certain remedy for Coughs and Colds, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

HOW BUTTONS ARE MADE.

From human bones? No. From ivory? No. From bone of dog or cattle? No. The other day (writes a correspondent) I happened to call on the master of a small button factory in Birmingham, and was greatly interested in seeing a tailor's button made, just such a one as you would find on your ulster or a tweed coat. It was a queer little factory, made out of two or three cottages rolled into one. First of all, I was introduced to the raw material, which lay on the floor of a dark and dingy little workshop, in which a solitary workman was standing at his bench. "There," said he, pointing to what I took to be potatoes. "There you see what we call vegetable ivory. It comes from South America, and grows in clusters of half a dozen nuts. That is the first state of the button."

We then went up to the workman who was cutting up the kernels of the nuts on a swiftly-revolving circular saw, an operation requiring great dexterity, for a slip might cost him a finger. This is the first process. The kernel is easily extracted, the shell in which it is enclosed being very thin and fragile. Although the kernel is a nut it would take a very strong pair of jaws to crack it, and the teeth cannot touch it. The little white slabs which are cut out by the saws are taken to the next department, where the button is really formed in the series of lathes through which it is passed. The toolmaker, whose office is very important, works at one end of the room. The first lathe cuts out the button with the desired circumference, regulated by a series of gauges, the work being passed on to others for the rim, and so on. Two women were drilling the four holes of the buttons, this being done by taking up each one and subjecting it to the action of the four pronged horizontal drills, doing work with remarkable deftness and rapidity. The button, so far as its form goes, is finished.

It now remains to do the polishing and dyeing. In another room are a half a dozen hexagonal boxes revolving in an atmosphere of dust. They contain the buttons which are now being polished by the action of some hard powder, which is placed with them in the boxes. There is a secret in every trade, and I fancy that the contents of the mixture with which the buttons are eventually stained are not divulged to the world. Down below I was taken into another room, in which there were scores of tins containing dyes and many buckets holding chemical solutions. When the buttons are ready for receiving the dye they are placed on a tin tray, holding, I think, a gross. The dye is then blown onto them by a spray, which causes the liquid to fall very naturally. The trays are then put into a gas heated oven, and the buttons are afterward put on the cards ready for the market. Such is the interesting history of a bone button, one of the many wonders of Birmingham, that town of magicians.

THE REASON WHY.—Several gentlemen who have visited New York, says a Chicago paper, told us sometime ago that in polite society in that city there obtains a pretty fash on of serving coffee in miniature cups—after-dinner coffee, it is called, as we recollect.

It is deemed vulgar to serve coffee in large cups, because when a gentleman feeds he should prefer to feed delicately, and not out of a trough. We once asked Prof. Fishbladder why it was that small coffees hadn't been introduced into Chicago society, and said that it was because they were regarded as dangerous. It seems that the Calumet Club years ago *did* import a lot of these miniature cups, with a view for utilizing them for after-dinner coffee.

But at the very start there befell an accident that drove the innovation out of favor. One of the wealthiest and most influential members of the club, while endeavoring to make away with his usual after-dinner coffee, swallowed the cup, and for weeks his life was despaired of.

Ever since then in the best Chicago society the regulation coffee has been the size of a sitz-bath.

SINGING AND CONSUMPTION.—A paper was read some short time since before the Medical Society of Virginia, from which parents and teachers might take a valuable hint. The lecturer urged on his hearers the importance of including vocal music in the studies of children as a matter affecting their physical well-being; and he asserted that if an hour daily were given to this pleasant and healthy exercise of the lungs, we should not see so many drooping, withered, hollow-chested, round-shouldered children, and that vocal music is a distinct preventive of pathisis.

PHYSICIAN.—"Now, Mrs. Smalltalk, will you let me look at your tongue?" Mrs. Smalltalk (two minutes later): "Well, doctor, why in the world don't you look at my tongue, if you want to, instead of writing away like a newspaper editor? How long do you expect I am going to sit here with my mouth wide open?" Physician: "Just one moment more, please, madam. I only wanted you to keep still long enough so that I could write the prescription."

THE present is never our goal; the past and the present are our means; the future is our goal.

The druggists say Salvation Oil has no faults. It always relieves pain instantly.

"It is alleged by some one, that Dr. Mary Walker prescribes Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup."

LATEST AND GRANDEST PREMIUM!

MOST COSTLY PAINTING IN THE WORLD.

THE PRESENT OWNER PAID OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE FAMOUS PAINTING ENTITLED "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

The intense interest shown by all classes in this great painting induced publishers to spend thousands of dollars to secure an accurate copy of this Wonderful Work of Art. The best artists and engravers in this country were engaged to make a faithful etched copy of this magnificent painting, and the highly artistic and very beautiful picture which they have produced is highly praised by all who see it.

We are now prepared to send, postpaid, a copy of

THIS GRAND PICTURE FREE TO

EVERY NEW SUBSCRIBER WHO SENDS $2.00 FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST," OR TO ANY ONE NOW ON OUR LIST WHO REMITS US $2.00 FOR THE EXTENSION OF THEIR PRESENT SUBSCRIPTION ONE YEAR.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

By MUNKACSY.

THE original of this picture is one of the grandest paintings that has been given to the world in modern times. It covers about twenty by thirty feet of canvas, the figures all being life size. The scene is early morning in the Prætorium or official residence of the Roman Governor at Jerusalem. In the centre of the picture is the figure of the Saviour, with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate. Around and behind him crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others apparently bent merely on killing time. Pontius Pilate sits as the representative of Cæsar on the judgment throne. He is meditating and is greatly perplexed. On the right of Pilate stands Caiaphas, the chief accuser of Christ. The figure pressing forward in the crowd with uplifted arms is a ruffian of the lowest type. He is shouting "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" On the left of Pilate sit two elders watching the proceedings with deep interest. Between Christ and Caiaphas, sitting on a bench, is a rich banker looking on with contemptuous curiosity. Perched on a high stool by the side of the judgment seat and resting his head against the wall is a scribe who views the scene with an air of weary indifference. A knot of old men is seated in an angle of the room to the left of the banker. They are apparently arguing Christ's claim that he is the promised Messiah. Conspicuously raised above the heads of the crowd is seen a young mother with a beautiful face, holding a child in her arms, and looking at Jesus with tenderness and compassion. Through the whole picture are groups of figures and faces reflecting the different emotions that animate each individual.

This picture has been on exhibition in the principal cities of Europe and America. It has been viewed by millions of people, and has created more sensation throughout the entire civilized world than any other painting ever produced. In the city of New York it was on exhibition several months, and was seen by hundreds of thousands of people.

THE PICTURE IS 21 by 28 INCHES, sufficient in size to allow ample scope for the display of the salient features of faces and forms, while the varied expressions of hate, fear, curiosity, compassion and reverence of those assembled are shown with a startling fidelity.

Remember, that only $2.00 secures a copy of this Grand Picture and also THE SATURDAY EVENING POST one year.

Address all orders to

The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE PROCESS OF CLEANING CLOTHES.—The mystery to many people how the scourers of old clothes can make them almost as good as new is explained as follows: Take, for instance, a shiny old coat, vest or pair of pants, of broadcloth, cassimere or diagonal. The scourer makes a strong, warm soapsuds, and plunges the garment into it, souses it up and down, rubs the dirty places; if necessary, puts it through a second time; then rinses it through several waters and hangs it to dry on the line. When nearly dry he takes it in, rolls it up for an hour or two, and then presses it.

An old cotton cloth is laid on the outside of the coat and the iron passed over that until the wrinkles are out: but the iron is removed before the steam ceases to rise from the goods, else they would be shiny. Wrinkles that are obstinate are removed by laying a wet cloth over them and passing the iron over that. If any shiny places are seen they are treated as the wrinkles are—the iron is lifted while the full cloud of steam rises and brings the nap up with it.

Cloth should always have a suds made especially for them, as in that which has been used for white cotton or woolen clothes lint will be left in the water and cling to the cloth.

In this manner we have known the same coat and pantaloons to be renewed time and time again, and have all the look and have all the look and feel of new garments.

POPULAR SONGS 1 cent each.

1	Baby Mine.	239	Annie Laurie.
4	Ella Rhee,	294	Come, Birdie, Come.
5	Old Cabin Home.	345	Nobody's Darling.
7	Old Black Joe.	348	Birdie Darling.
8	Home, Sweet home.	252	Darling Nellie Gray.
26	When, Emma.	255	Little Brown Jug.
28	You'll Remember Me.	258	Erin is My Home.
29	No one to Love.	277	Kiss me Again.
33	Wearing of the Green.	280	Sweet Sunny South.
34	Cottage by the Sea.	316	They All Do It.
43	Poor Old Slave.	334	De Golden Wedding.
64	Blue-Eyed Nelly.	370	Old Kitchen Floor.
72	Faded Coat of Blue.	371	Sweet Belle Malone.
77	My Old Kentucky Home.	397	Razors in the Air.
92	The Gipsy's Warning.	399	Pull Down the Blind.
96	Swinging in the Lane.	425	Ring my Mother Wore.
109	Kitty Wells.	472	Baby's got a Tooth.
113	Old Man's Drunk Again.	517	Lottie Lee.
136	Kiss Behind the Door.	549	My Old Wife and I.
140	Mary of the Wild Moor.	552	Peek-a-boo.
143	Mollie Darling.	625	Pretty Lips
147	My Daughter Julia.	638	Call Me Back Again.
151	Driven from Home.	649	My Nelly's Blue Eyes.
175	The Slave's Dream.	665	Some Day.
181	Ella's Lovely Home.	929	Rock-a-By-Baby.

We will send 10 of the above songs, your own selection, by mail, for 10 cents; 25 for 15 cents; the whole list, 50 songs, for 25 cents; the Beautiful Song, **Ring My Mother Wore**, Words and Music, is alone worth more than we ask for the entire collection. Address,

HOME MUSIC CO., Providence, R. I.

Good broadcloth and its fellow cloths will bear many washings, and look better every time because of them. The same treatment may be applied to women's dress goods. If all wool they may be renovated to look like new.

YOUNG woman, do be discreet; do not think that young men are the only delightful people in the world, or act as if you thought so. Keep them at a proper distance. No man likes or respects a girl who runs after him, defers to his opinion, lets him say rude things to her, and take liberties of speech or action.

Humorous.

THE LOST NOVEL.

Alas! my summer novel—
I mourn it with a sigh;
The day I rashly bought it
A friend was standing by.

Forthwith the book he borrowed,
To be returned that night;
And since that fatal moment
It ne'er has blessed my sight.

He lent it to his cousin,
And she enjoyed it so
She lent it to a neighbor,
Who kept it on the go.

And lent it to her uncle,
Who lent it to his girl,
Who lent it to her teacher,
Who, with another whirl,

Sent it unto a nephew,
Who lent it to a friend,
Who sent it to a room mate.
And, oh! where will it end?

Throughout this maddening business
One hope alone I see;
Mayhap, in all this lending,
It may be lent to me.

"Samson" ought to be a good play for a tragedian who likes to "bring down the house."

First lobster: "Well, what are you going to do now?" Second lobster: "Get dressed for dinner."

She: "And will you always love me? All the livelong day?" He: "Ye-es, I think so. You'll give me a chance to stop for meals, I suppose?"

Young doctor: "Well, I've got a case at last." Young lawyer: "Glad to hear it. When you get him to the point where he wants a will drawn, telephone over."

Harkens: "It is said that women live longer than men." Barkins: "Bosh! Why, I've known a hundred men who outlived their grandmothers."

A sacrifice. "Do you sell postage stamps here, Bub?" asked old Mrs. Bargin, entering the drug store. "No'm," returned the boy; "we just give 'em away at cost."

Some one asked an old lady about a sermon: "Could you remember it?" "Remember it? La, no; the minister couldn't remember it himself. He had to have it written down."

"There is ice in Greenland 6,000 feet thick," read Mr. Mumble in his evening paper. "That's just the way!" commented his wife. "I suppose it's so cold there they don't need it either."

There is only one way to secure accuracy in our signal service bureau," said the Congressman; "that way is to compel the prophets to confine their observations entirely to the last month's weather."

Artist, who has just come back from his vacation: "I declare I can't paint to-day. I have forgotten all I knew." Model: "Oh, don't be so discouraged! It won't take long for you to pick up all you knew before."

He: "Do you remember how I used to call your hair golden, dear?" She: "Yes, but you never do now. Why is it?" He: "Because when I saw you take it down the other night, I discovered that it was plaited."

There is nothing like giving full particulars. An exchange in telling its readers of an accident by which a hunter blew off "the entire top of his head," is thoughtful enough to add that "death was instantaneous."

"Can't you stay a little while longer?" asked the criminal as his kind friend was about to leave. "No, Bob, I haven't time to-day." "Well, take some of mine. I've got 10 years more than I want here," was Bob's answer.

Mother: "Why, children, what's all this noise about?" Little Jamie: "We've had gran'pa and uncle Henry locked in the closet for an hour, and when they get a little more angry, I'm goin' to play 'goin' into the lion's cage.'"

For clever spellers to be asked to write out from dictation: A narrative of a harrassed juggler's embarrassments in gauging the symmetry of a peeled pear, whilst a peddler's pony, with unparalleled ecstacy, ate a potato out of a fiddler's pig-trough.

First commercial traveler: "Last week I took the biggest order of the season." Second C. T.: "I don't believe a word of it." First C. T.: "You don't, eh? Well, perhaps you'll believe this. (Triumphantly producing a paper.) Here's a letter I just got canceling it."

"No," he sighed wearily, as the train sped on towards the big city—"no, there isn't much poetry in my life." "What might be your business?" asked the man in the same seat. "I am employed by a leading publishing house to examine all verses submitted to it for publication."

CATARRH,

HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these distressing diseases are rapidly and permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on application by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 & 339 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American.*

To Call a Policeman.—A western man has just patented an invention which he claims will find a policeman when wanted. The invention includes an electric clock aparatus, and the machine is to be put on a lamp-post, immediately over and connected with the police patrol box. The invention is such as to work night and day, and is operated entirely by an electric button in the electric-room at the police station.

By touching the button at the station four "white wings" are drawn out and displayed, a signal to the officer in the vicinity that he is wanted, so that he can immediately telephone from the patrol-box to the station for instructions. By night a red globe is made to rise and inclose the light of the lamp-post, thus displaying a signal which can be seen several blocks away, indicating, like the day signal, that the officer is wanted at the telephone for instructions.

An Unequaled Triumph. An agency business where talking is unnecessary. Here are portraits of Miss Anna Page of Austin, Texas, and Mr. Jas. Bonn of Toledo, Ohio. The lady writes: "I do business at almost every house I visit. Every one wants your grand photograph album, and were I deaf and dumb I could secure orders rapidly." The man writes: "Your magnificent album is the greatest of all bargains; the people generally are wonder-struck and order at sight. The orders taken last week pay me a profit of over $5 a day." This is the chance you have been looking for. You can make from $5 to $25 and upwards every day of your life. Talk not necessary. You can make big money even though you don't say a word. Our new style album is the grandest success ever known, and the greatest bargain in the world. Double size—the largest made. Bound in richest, most elegant and artistic manner, in finest silk velvet plush. Bindings splendidly ornamented. Inside charmingly decorated with most beautiful flowers. It is a regular $10 album, but it is sold to the people for only $2. How can we do it? It is the greatest hit of the times; we are manufacturing 500,000, and are satisfied with a profit of a few cents on each. Agents wanted! Any one can become a successful agent. Extra liberal terms to agents. We publish a great variety of Bibles and testaments; also subscription books and periodicals. Agents wanted for all. Our agents are always successful. We do the largest business with agents in America, and can give larger value for the money and better terms than any other firm. Particulars and terms for all of above mailed free. Write at once and see for yourself. Address H. HALLETT & CO., BOX 3143, PORTLAND, MAINE.

BOYS send us 6 cents in stamps and we will send you, by mail, an article you can have lots of fun with. P. O. Wehoskey, Providence, R. I.

PLAYS Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for School, Club & Parlor. Best out. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Chicago, Ill.

NAME on 25 Silk Fringed Floral Cards, 1 LACE PIN, 1 Watch Chain, 1 Ring, 1 Agt's Outfit for 1890, all 10c. Ivy Card Co., Hamden, Conn.

CARDS FREE, 152 Hidden Name Cards and Colored Pictures, (name on cards) 1 Set Album, 1 Ring, 1 Metal Whistle, 1 Collar Button, 1 Linen Zephyr Wanted, 1 yd. Lace & Agt's Complete Outfit, all for 10c. ALLING & CO., Durham, Conn.

SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE.—A few good men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers of our kind in the world. Liberal salary paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full particulars address, Centennial Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., or Cincinnati, O.

PILES A positive cure. Quick, certain and permanent. No painful medicine. No surgical operation. Treatment at home FREE. Address J. C. WHEELER Box 1686 NEW HAVEN, CONN

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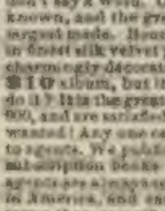
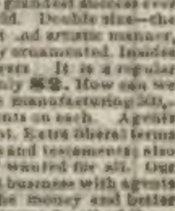


1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia. Premier Artists IN HAIR.



Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

JAMES B. CHANDLER,
No. 301 Chestnut Street.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.
GENTLEMEN'S HAIR-CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

BADGES

For Social, Literary and Beneficial SOCIETIES.

All kinds of Clubs, Schools, Academies, &c.

We make GOLD PINS and CHARMS, MEDALS, &c., from all adapted, or special designs, at very reasonable prices.

We also make a specialty of

RIBBON BADGES

for Organizations, and for Balls and Excursion purposes, which are noted for their fine execution.

If this Paper is mentioned we will send illustrations of whatever kind you wish to see on application.

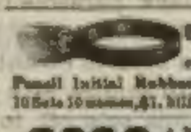
H. G. OESTERLE & CO.,
No. 224 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Will do it. Our Beard Elixir will force a Mustache in 20 days, full Beard in 30. Sample package, postpaid, 15c.; 3 for 25c.; one dozen, 75 cents. Agents wanted. Howard Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.

A BRACKET SAW OUTFIT FOR 30 CENTS.

With this outfit any boy or girl can make money. With 30 cents worth of wood you can make articles that will sell easily for 75 cents or more. You get your money back on the first article you sell. You can make articles to beautify your home and presents to your friends. Persons who work during the day can make extra money by sawing a few minutes evenings. Send for an outfit and try it; you will never regret it. The outfit consists of one Steel Bracket Saw Frame, Extra Saw Blades, Brad Awl, Copying Paper, Sand Paper, one dozen Patterns for making Easels, Match Safes, Wall Brackets, Card Baskets, &c., one pack Business Cards to give to your friends, and full directions for using, packed in a neat box and sent by mail, postpaid, for 30 cents; 4 for one dollar.

Address HOWARD MFG. CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.



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$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 50 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

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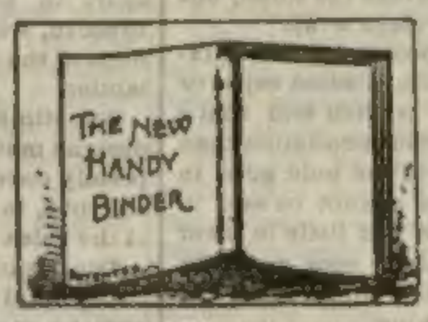

Very nearly, if not quite all of our readers, would like to preserve their copies of THE POST if it could be done easily, neatly and effectively. Its size makes it specially adapted for convenient and tasteful binding, so that by the proper means, it can be made a neat volume for future reference or preservation, and at the same time an attractive and pretty ornament for the centre table. This means of binding THE POST proposes to furnish in offering to its subscribers one of the "NEW HANDY BINDERS," now so popular, and which are unquestionably the most perfect and handsome articles of the kind ever produced.

THE BINDER is made specially for THE POST; contains one copy of the series of a year with equal security, thus preserving the paper thoroughly from loss, soiling or injury. THE BINDER works so simply that it is the task of only a minute to insert the paper; when by cutting the edges it has all the comfort and convenience of reading and handling possessed by the best bound book. THE BINDER, apart from its usefulness in this respect, is also a handsome piece of furniture; it is made of embossed imitation leather, neatly and tastefully ornamented in gilt with the title "SATURDAY EVENING POST" in bright gold lettering across the centre of outside page. It makes an article of beauty in itself, and of value as a handy receptacle for THE POST, that only needs be seen by our subscribers to be fully appreciated.

This HANDY BINDER will be sent, all postage paid, on receipt of 75 cents, or free as a premium to any of our present subscribers who send us the name of a new subscriber and $3.00.

Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa

TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, Pa. taken.) For THE GUIDE extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,

726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Flax blue foulard is a new tint and costumes made of it are usually trimmed with rows of narrow black velvet ribbon.

The little jackets of gray cloth have large revers and turned collars of opal-tinted velvet, and the jackets of every tint of gray and mastic-colored cloth have enormously large enamel buttons or suspiciously real opal ones, copied after the Louis XIII period, when gentlemen wore them on waistcoats and vests, and bad luck was never hinted at.

No lady of taste, however, would object to having a dozen or two at this present moment.

Long black gloves, black parasols lined with blue silk, and black shoes with blue silk stockings complete a stylish costume.

A natty coat lined with scarlet silk and garniture of brass buttons sets off to advantage a black silk walking costume. It is the days of embroidery and braiding.

The more you can get on a robe the more fashionable it is, and a handsome woman looks her best in a dark green velvet walking costume, opening down the front over a skirt elaborately braided with gold and green braid interlacing in a picturesque design.

Stockings must match shoes, gloves must do likewise.

The latest caprice is to have a corsage buttoned down one shoulder, round the armhole and down the side seam, so as to fit the form and show as little fastening as possible. Woolen goods come in floral designs, and the mantle or yoke form is again in vogue. It entirely covers the toilet, but is indispensable as a carriage wrap.

Tight fitting coats of Scotch heather mixture tweeds are made with pleated capes or with a plain cape. It is often said that a pretty face is a better recommendation than a fine figure, but it would not hold good in Paris, where too much cannot be said in praise of fine figures and but little in favor of beauty, for one rarely sees a pretty French woman, but they understand the art of dressing and walking.

Dresses for widows are extremely plain and entirely of crape over dead black or lustreless black silk. The widow's cap is small and flat, pointed toward the forehead tapering at the sides, to fasten under the low coiled black hair, from which may peep the little coil or widow's lock. Turn over cambric and crepe collar and wide cuffs are nonetiched in black.

Round-waisted dresses are generally unbecoming, but there remains no choice of corsage, so to all rich looking dresses I find the round thick-waisted corsage, and every skirt is finished with ruff or pinking of silk ruchen. Girdles and stomachers of jet pendants and slides are used as ornaments.

The creole silk skirt is much worn, but is loud and only becoming to young children. Deep, coarse guipure lace and point de Venice is much used for plain and even fancy silk trimmings.

Large felt hats, with low crowns and wide brims, trimmed with elaborate moire ribbon and drooping ostrich feathers, are shown for late Autumn wear. The new bodice for theatre wear is of gauze crossed and draped, encircled around the waist with a scarf of red, white and gold tinsel, a small stomacher ruffle and an under and outer sleeve in lace.

A French tea jacket of peach-colored China crepe, with open-worked plastron, over which droops a cascade of Calais lace, with bows of ribbon upon the full bishop sleeves, is extremely pretty when worn with a white cashmere skirt with six or seven rows of pink velvet ribbon.

A red cloth jacket, revers, collar and cuffs in cream colored violet, braided in red seems just made to be worn with a carriage costume of black silk.

Tailor-made garments have the double jockey sleeve and crossed corselet bordered with fancy galloon. The scarf collar in gold beads, with long tulle ends, is very popular.

The chatelaine watch in form of a wild rose with bud and leaves is new, but still looking.

The orchid brooch is enameled gold and rosebud smelling bottle are new, also a writing paper with a pussy cat on one page and three little kittens upon the other, and menu paper with a white poodle in various attitudes seems a taking mode, for every lover of novelties buys a few boxes, but gray is ever popular.

There is a rainbow paper and a peacock blue, and deep red, highly perfumed, upon which white and blue ink goes well.

A clock lamp with the face engraved on the globe, and book covers in antique brocade, which one buys to hide the title of the yellow backed novel, and carriage card cases ornamental enough for any drawing-room table come in as novelties of the week.

The new perfume is lily of the valley and the prettiest floral offerings are tied up in embroidered scarfs, which when untied do for ever so many articles of ornament.

The new materials introduced for autumn and winter wear are thick and somewhat rough to look at. Some are of loose textures, such as canvas cloth; others are cloth-finished flannels; either in stripes or checks, but stripes are still the more fashionable.

Colored woolens have brocaded designs in black, in all-over effects, or in the fashionable borders and other woven accessories.

The handsomest of the bordered woolens are either embroidered or brocaded with an embroidered effect.

Some of the new stamped borders are equally pretty, if not so elegant, and may be made up alone or with plain silk or velvet.

The latter material is almost invariably used as a garniture for both silks and woolens, and every shade in both can be matched in several qualities of silk and velvet.

A combination of color or a deep Oriental border on the handsomer colored woolens is sometimes interwrought with threads of gilt tinsel, which is very showy.

In robes of this description the bordering is a deep, unequal pattern, on one side of the goods only, and not a set stripe at either side corresponding, or else the bordering is arranged across the goods at intervals, so that the material may be cut apart in breaths, for the narrow front breadth, which is placed between opposite folds of the side draperies, or for the entire tablier.

Sometimes, also, a separate breadth in designs matching the bordering, but completely covering the material, accompanies the robe, to be used as a panel set in folds at the sides.

The distinctive novelty this year is rather costly and very elaborate. It is front breathe specially woven and intended to be used with plain material. These appear in an infinite variety.

Some have broad and narrow brocaded stripes, the brocade of silk and of a contrasting color, while some have broad stripes of wool alternating with corded silk, and rich velvet brocade in silk and wool. Others, again, with a silk brocaded stripe in wool, have broken stripes of velvet.

Whatever their nature, these breadths give a richness and finish which removes the woolen gowns made up with them from the ordinary hard wearing costumes we have hitherto considered them to be.

The patterns in all these brocades are sometimes floral, sometimes conventional, and mostly take the form of lappetting, by which I mean that the edges are waved and alike on both sides of the pattern.

The Jacquard loom has played an all important part in the production of these several fabrics. In all cases plain stuffs are used with the more elaborate weaving.

Solid plain colors are always liked in all-wool and mohair fabrics, even if the desire for novelty leads to the use of showy garnitures; and perhaps the most ardent devotee of fashion cannot do better than to follow out this idea; for remodeling and a new garniture will completely transform the costumes of plain self colored goods, while the showy-figured fabric cannot be disguised or made over without retaining at least a suspicion of its original identity.

Checks are coming in again, and there are many varieties. As usual, plaids have come to the fore, and there is a likelihood that they will meet with more than usual favor, especially in Paris, because the more subdued tartans have been selected; a combination mostly of green, black and sombre tints. The useful shepherd's plaid always has been worn by well-dressed women.

Odds and Ends.

THE MAKING OF JELLIES.

Jellies are most frequently made from calves' feet, isinglass, or gelatine.

When made from the first of these they are much more nutritious, and certainly more suitable for invalids, but when isinglass or gelatine is used, the jellies possess the advantage of being made much more easily and quickly; and where economy is a consideration, gelatine, being so much cheaper, is generally preferred; and is very good for making ordinary or ornamental jellies, although it has not so much nutriment, and is not so delicate in flavor, as isinglass.

In order that jellies should be clear and bright, it is essential that all the materials used should be of the best quality, and that all the utensils (such as stewpans, basins, and especially the jelly bag) should be thoroughly clean.

The latter, just before being used, should be made hot by being wrung out with boiling water, and the process repeated till the water runs through perfectly clear into the basin underneath it. Then the liquid jelly can be poured into it a little at a time, and allowed to run through.

If it is not quite clear the first time the jelly must be returned to the bag again, and allowed to filter through a second time.

The jelly bag should always be placed in front of the fire, otherwise on a cold day the jelly might set before it had all run through. The bag should never be touched or squeezed, as it would break the sediment, and make the jelly thick and cloudy.

If by some chance the jelly does not come out clear after it has been passed through the bag several times, it is better to warm up the jelly again in the stewpan, and return it to the bag, when it will most probably run through quite clear.

Care should be taken not to put too much gelatine in the jelly—just enough to keep it from breaking is sufficient. A jelly that is made too stiff has an unpleasant glucy taste, although it looks well on the dish.

About one ounce of gelatine is considered sufficient for a pint of liquid.

To turn out jellies the moulds should be dipped in warm water, and they must be well jerked from side to side until quite loose.

The following recipes have been tried, and make beautiful clear jellies if the directions are carefully attended to.

Calves' feet jelly.—Having procured two calves' feet which have been well cleaned, split the claws, remove the fat, chop them up, and let them simmer in two quarts of water for one day; then strain them, take off the fat, and add the thinly peeled rind of one lemon, the juice of three, some cloves, a little cinnamon, and mace, sugar to taste, half a tumbler of brandy or sherry, and the whites and shells of three eggs. Then whisk it quickly on the fire till it is just going to boil, which will be seen by the jelly rising in the stewpan; as soon as this point is reached, stop whisking at once, let it boil up, draw it to the side of the fire, so as to keep it hot, but yet not to allow it to boil, and let it remain there for twenty minutes. Having prepared the jelly bag, pass the jelly carefully through it, till it is quite clear; put it in a damp mould, and let it set. This jelly is excellent for invalids, but it can be made into an ordinary wine jelly by adding the wine to the jelly when it is cold.

Coffee Jelly.—This is quite a novelty, and is much nicer than one would think. Put 2oz. of gelatine to soak in a pint of water; when it has dissolved add ½lb. of castor sugar, half a pint of brandy, juice of one lemon and about a pint and a half of strong coffee. When the sugar has melted add the whites and crushed shells of three eggs. Whisk it quickly on the fire, pass it through the jelly bag, pour it into a damp mould, and leave it to set.

Lemon Jelly.—Put 2oz. of gelatine to soak in a pint of water with one-half lb. of sugar and the thinly peeled rind of two lemons. When the gelatine has melted add the strained juice of five lemons and the whites and crushed shells of three eggs. Whisk it on the fire and pass it through the jelly bag; at the last add three-quarters of a glass of brandy. Pour it into a wet mould and let it set.

NAILS FROM TIN.—Hitherto, scraps of tinned iron have been a waste product of many trades, and it is not uncommon to see large quantities of this metal on rubbish-heaps. It is not worth casting, for it is too hard and granular for any purpose, except, perhaps, the making of weights; and the modern weighing-machines are driving the old-fashioned weights out of use. But, scrap-tin can now be turned to better account. The pieces are first of all cut into certain sizes, and are then fed into a machine which folds the metal upon itself, compresses it, furnishes it with a point and a head and turns out a finished nail, which can be driven without breaking into the hardest wood.

An aged woman in Chambersburg, Pa., was told by an excited neighbor that her house was on fire. "Is it?" she said, rising calmly and dropping her knitting into her pocket, after she had quietly and carefully wound the loose yarn. "I thank thee for thy information, and if thee will just go and sound the alarm, I will take my pies out of the oven, and be ready to tell the people what to carry out to first."

It is a reproach to a man's understanding to be pleased with flattery.

Confidential Correspondents.

E. L. M.—"Faux pas" is a French phrase, and means a "false step"—or a breach of manners or morals.

HOPE.—A woman is not of age until she has attained her 21st year, nor can she be married in this State, without the consent of her parents or guardian until she is of age.

H. T.—If the young gentleman to whom you refer loves you as much as you seem to think he does, your conduct to him has been not only unkind but improper. A faithful, loving heart should never be trifled with; and she who is fond of experimenting in such matters will be apt to see the day when she will long for some of the affection which she has wantonly insulted.

L. P. S.—Hypochondriasis is a strange persistency about something that all the world knows is not so. Medical men relate most extraordinary anecdotes touching this disease. Dr. Darwin tells us of a gentleman who, though surrounded by luxuries, kept his carriage, and never moved without attendants, believed himself a teapot, and thought every one who touched him must be scalded.

VULNERON.—Under the particular circumstances which you detail, and considering that the young lady has unquestionably behaved to you in a most fickle and insulting manner, we should certainly recommend you to hold no present communication with her; nor ought you to feel satisfied until you have a personal interview, as one conversation does more to settle such matters as yours than a dozen letters.

NELSON.—The Caspian Sea, an inland sea or great salt lake, is the largest in the world. Its length from north to south is about 700 miles and its average breadth is about 200 miles. 2 Spectacles are generally supposed to have been invented by Alexander de Spina, a monk of Florence, Italy, about 1285. 3 The mean diameter of the earth is 7912 miles; its polar diameter, 7898 miles, and its equatorial diameter, 7925 miles.

ALICE.—You modestly say that you are good looking, and, you believe, sweet tempered. All this, however, will not atone for your ignorance of household duties. Still, at the age of twenty-two, you are not too old to learn, and we should advise you to well acquaint yourself with such duties, even if you have to delay marriage. A man soon gets tired of good looks, and even of a sweet temper, if, in return for them, he has to put up with untidy rooms and bad dinners.

M. R.—M. R. asks, "What is the best and easiest way to get a young lady to be in love with one?" We really cannot decide, there are so many. No man's experience will much help his neighbor in this respect for scarcely two women are exactly of the same tastes, fancies, and dispositions. What would fascinate one might hopelessly revolt another. But we must say that the man who is in love, and requires another's help to teach him how to win his lady's affections, does not deserve to gain them.

EARNEST.—Laws, systems and customs require to be adapted to the stage of progress in which people find themselves. Systems and institutions necessary and important for one stage are destructive if continued beyond it. Discussion and careful observation must decide when the time of usefulness is past and what character of change is requisite; hence in a popular government the necessity for the people, in whose hands all power rests, to keep themselves fully informed and to study carefully conditions and all vital questions that affect society.

MONMON.—The inventor of gas lights is said to have been a Frenchman, Philippe le Bon, an engineer of roads and bridges, who, in 1772, adopted the idea of using for the purposes of illumination the gases distilled during the combustion of wood. He labored for a long time to the attempt to perfect his crude invention, and it was not till 1799 that he confided his discovery to the Institute. In September, 1800, he took out a patent, and in 1801 he published a memorial containing the result of his researches. Since then various persons have contributed to perfecting the improvements.

POLISH.—One of the best ways of cleaning an engraving is to place it on a smooth board, and cover it thinly with common salt finely pounded; pour lemon juice over the salt, so as to dissolve a considerable portion of it. Elevate one end of the board so that it may form an angle of 45 degrees. Pour on the engraving boiling water from a tea-kettle, until the salt and lemon juice are washed off. The engraving will then be perfectly clean and free from stains. It must be dried on the board or on some smooth surface gradually. If dried in the sun or by the fire it will stage the picture with a yellow tinge.

REMEDY.—The phrase, "Tell that to the Marines," finds its origin in the fact that in former times the "Jollies" or Royal Marines were the butts of the sailors, from their ignorance of seamanship. "Jolly" was a sailor's nickname for a marine, who, in his opinion, bore the same relation to a "regular" as a jolly boat or yawl to a ship. Another sobriquet given to the Marines by the blue jackets was a "Guipin"—that is, a person who would swallow anything that was told him. Hence arose the expression, "Tell that to the Marines, the blue-jacket's won't believe it," which was a common rejoinder to an exaggerated yarn.

A. C.—Fighting hand to hand with sabres or cutlasses in battles on land is not against the rules of civilized warfare, as your friend maintains, in the sense which he intends to convey—that is to say, it is not considered barbarous, or uncivilized, or in any manner unfair. On the contrary, it is always practised in cavalry encounters, when both parties stand (or ride) up to the scratch. In infantry battles, fighting hand to hand with sabres or cutlasses is not practised, for the same reason that bows and arrows have been discarded—namely, because it is no longer effective. An army of infantry armed with sabres and cutlasses would stand a poor chance against one armed with muskets and bayonets.

BRISTOL.—You must learn to distinguish the difference between a simper and a smile. The former is hypocritical and affected; a smile is open and genuine. Who can tell the value of an expression, rich and true, as is that of a smile, and yet it costs nothing to the giver. It is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues ill-temper, turns hatred to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight. A smile on the brow proclaims a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, and a happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty; it decorates the face of the deformed, and makes a lovely woman resemble an angel.